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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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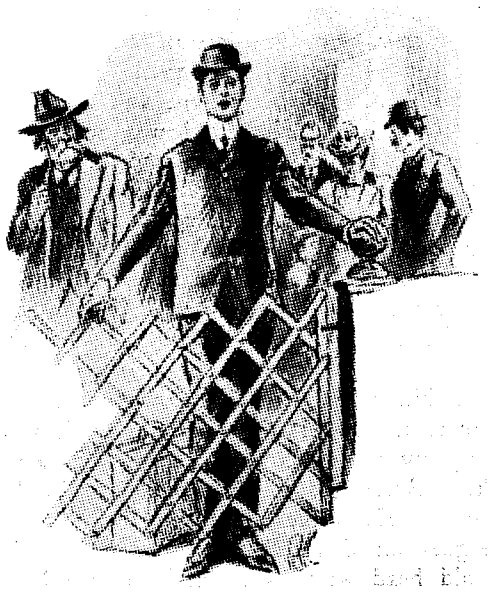

BOOTH TARKINGTON ARRIVES IN NEW YORK
Illustration, by R. V. Culter, for "The World Does Move."

And How!

THE WORLD DOES MOVE. By BOOTH TARKINGTON. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by E. S. MARTIN

Life

ANYONE who has been appreciably alive for an appreciable space of time must have realized that human life on this planet has changed enormously in its habits, behavior, and other details in the last thirty years. That is what Mr. Booth Tarkington talks seventy thousand words or so about in "The World Does Move." According to reliable authorities Mr. Tarkington was born in 1869, prepared for college at Exeter, and enjoyed an association with Princeton University that must have carried him into the early 'nineties. About a year after that association terminated, he came to New York and commenced writing. He spent a winter improving his powers of observation and practicing to put the fruits of that improvement on paper. He observed with intelligence and wrote freely, but did not succeed in marketing his products. So when it began to be hot in New York he packed up and went home, taking his manuscripts with him.

As most readers must know Mr. Tarkington lives in Indianapolis. Back to that town he went after his sojourn in New York, still observing and still writing, until, sometime in the 'nineties, all of a sudden, one of his stories was accepted by *McClure's Magazine* and his career as an accepted author began.

For there are two kinds of authors—the accepted and the declined. Mr. Tarkington was declined for a number of years, but once he began to be accepted, he went on like a river where a log jam has broken.

New York in the 'nineties was a more agreeable place than New York of the present day. Mr. Tarkington tells about it and its attractions when he first knew it. There is no evidence in this book that he ever made so long a stay in New York again. He went to Europe. He wrote plays, books, stories, pieces, anything that came handy, and observed as he went along the Middle West, New York, New England, and Europe.

Out of this long and comparatively wide scrutiny of the visible world he now announces that it does move. He has no doubts at all; he is convinced. He sets forth its fluctuations in detail—what has happened to men, to houses, to cities, to roads, to

(*Continued on page* 396)

John Burroughs

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IF criticism were as honest as creative literature and recent history it would have more to say of mediocrity. The mediocre man has been the hero of innumerable realistic novels, the modern biographies may be said to specialize in the mediocrity of supposed geniuses, and history now treats of the average. But criticism is still obdurate. Say that a poet, or an essayist, or a novelist, is mediocre, and you damn him.

The analogy will not hold if carried into life. Who cleared the New England valleys of their giant hardwoods, who built the gray walls that now delight the eye like the sweep of lines in a great picture, who made New England beautiful? Men like John Burroughs's brother Hiram, mediocre men, with an obstinate love of work, but no inspiration in them, were the makers.

> He had no intellect or judgment; . . . never read one of my books; but I loved him all the same . . . The work of his hands shows all over the old farm—in the walls that he laid, in trees and orchards he planted, in the buildings he helped erect. . . . He made garden, and grafted the apple trees; he drilled and blasted the rocks when I was a boy. . . . He was a dreamer, an idealist; but he had no firm grip upon real life—was one of those men who are always crowded to the wall in the scramble of the world—no push or self-assertion in him.

Mediocrity in literature is better rewarded in its own day than mediocrity in active life, but it is liable to a sharper decline afterwards. It stays personal, and where there is a name there is always provocation. The Lydgates, the Theobalds, the Cibbers, the Montgomerys, the Longfellows have had rough handling.

And yet many of these mediocrities have given a sum of pleasure, and profit too, that geniuses may envy. And many of them have left the marks of their handiwork upon the garden of the arts as visible as Hiram's work on the old farm. Among lovable mediocrities in literature I rank John Burroughs, and mean no disrespect in a phrase seldom used without a sneer.

* * *

He knew it himself. Stevenson, he notes in the journals** which Miss Barrus has just edited, "was not a man of mass and power, any more than I am. We are all light-weights, and try to make up in cleverness what we lack in scope and power. Stevenson is not one of the men we must read; we can pass him by; but he is one of the men who fills the hour and relieves the tedium of life. He inspires love. . . .

"He inspires love." Burroughs might have chosen that for his own epitaph. Compared with Stevenson or with any of the intellectualists of the nineteenth century, he was poorly equipped to manifest even genius, if he had possessed it. Like so many American authors, he was badly educated on scraps of ill assorted learning. Even in his own field of nature he did not know so much as the names of the less common wild flowers until he was twenty-six, nor look at a bird except with a hunter's eye until Audubon's plates aroused him a little later. The shadow of Emerson fell on his youth, and it was the fatal power of that great shadow to engender a hope of philosophy by direct intuition which has been the ruin of hundreds of unliterate minds. His earliest essays were Emersonian, and one was thought to be Emerson's. It was a shadow of a shadow. Science he came to slowly. When he had absorbed the biological discoveries of his age, he began to be heard as their expounder, but only because his literary equipment by then was more adequate than the scientists'. It was the same in literature. His collected works * in twenty-three volumes show perhaps a third of all the essays included devoted directly or indirectly to literary criticism, and his Journals are packed with comment and observation on authors and books. He is almost invariably sane, and quite invariably commonplace. Emerson he adored, but did not comprehend. Under his influence he made the synthesis of science and philosophical thinking which is Emerson's lasting contribution to the trend of modern thought, but the pure religion of Emerson passed over him, and there is little or no evidence that he guessed that Emerson was a century ahead of him in apprehending the dawn of a new metaphysics while he was still laboring with evolution.

Thoreau, who should have been his spiritual father, he misjudged as sadly as did Stevenson in his once famous essay. He was Thoreau's man more than Emerson's in his love of Things, though he did not know it. Both men were happy in a hemlock grove, but Burroughs was content to stay there; the dominant question of how an individualist could live sanely in an industrial world, which lifted Thoreau to the heights of a great imaginative experiment, never troubled Burroughs in its philosophic aspects. He was too busy earning a harum-scarum living to think out the implications of a career in which his wife had to live with her relatives or go to a rest cure while he wrote or tramped

*THE COLLECTED WORKS OF JOHN BURROUGHS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1921.

**THE HEART OF BURROUGHS'S JOURNALS. Edited by CLARA BARRUS. Boston. The Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. $3.00.

This Week

"The Heart of Burroughs's Journals."
Reviewed by *Henry Seidel Canby.*
"Collecting."
Reviewed by *John Spargo.*
"The Memoirs of Raymond Poincaré." Reviewed by *Bernardotte E. Schmitt.*
"The Farington Diary."
Reviewed by *Wilbur C. Abbott.*
"The Twilight of the American Mind."
Reviewed by *Joseph Jastrow.*
"Civilization."
Reviewed by *Arthur Colton.*
"A Little Less Than Gods."
Reviewed by *Richard Curle.*
"Stirabout."
Reviewed by *Robert Ballou.*
"Rasputin."
Reviewed by *Arthur Ruhl.*
Elysian Fields.
By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

Thomas Hardy.
By *Desmond MacCarthy.*

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the woods. "Walden," he thought, was full of chaff and brag. "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," which most resembles his own books, has "little real stuff in it." Thoreau was a shirker—"clever," "stimulating," "suggestive." The argument could be turned around with the addition that the suggestion for all that Burroughs did was in Thoreau. This is the level of his criticism, as good perhaps as that of most of the mediocrities, Lowell and Howells excepted, who followed the great creative minds of the mid-nineteenth century, and mellow with a kindly, reflective spirit, self-educating itself slowly for eighty years. As creative literature, ten pages of "chaff" in "Walden" is worth all his twenty-three volumes. But not as a study of Things. With Whitman only, his dear friend, did he rise above critical mediocrity, and then, not so much through insight as by a temperamental likeness, as between natives of the same spiritual atmosphere. This was the heart of an unshaken loyalty, better almost than intellectual comprehension. His book on Whitman—the first book on Whitman—is likely to remain as testimony, the tribute of a disciple with an apostolic will. "He loved Whitman," might also have seen inscribed upon his tomb. Peter, to compare great things with small, was also a mediocrity, except in his dogged following of the Christ.

And therefore, in an estimate of Burroughs, whom I read again and again and again in early youth, and therefore do not write of with the quick analysis of a newcomer, I should wipe out as agreeable and wise, but not important, all his philosophy, all his criticism, except of Whitman, and with this many of his twenty-three volumes and a good two-thirds of these Journals which nevertheless have an interest and a value as the context of what remains.

* * *

What remains is Things. Burroughs, beyond Thoreau, beyond Audubon, beyond all the nature writers of this period except Hudson, had the faculty of inspiring love for things. As I read over the essays where John Burroughs left his self-education in the affairs of the intellect to recall and describe—"Pepacton," "Winter Sunshine," "The Return of the Birds," "Sharp Eyes," the several

qualities of excellence they still possess.

They are good, I believe, because they are products of a lovable mediocrity. I do not mean that Burroughs's observation was mediocre. It was extraordinarily acute and found phrasings so just that he cannot be denied the praise of a minor stylist. He was a far better observer than Thoreau, and yet, like Thoreau, had that faculty of humanizing nature without sentimentalizing it which experimental science, obsessed with detail, has so dangerously lost. His old bark peelings, with the warblers, the cowbird's child shuddering at the impact of cold brook water; his fox in the snow; his discovery for the American imagination of the hermit thrush, the angelic harp of songsters; his whimsical description of the flicker, that woodpecker from the wilderness trying to Americanize himself so as to live with civilized robins and bluebirds and men—are masterpieces in their way. You cannot read them and see the orchards and the birch groves and the birds so bluntly and blindly as before. Your eyes are opened as he so well describes in an essay. Things become animate. Love and curiosity and delight are all inspired.

And yet there is no genius, no greatness in all this. It was something quite different, a difference which may be illustrated by saying that the quotable passages in Thoreau describe moments when the mind suddenly lifts and sees and explains in a medium of words which mean more than their apparent subject matter, whereas with Burroughs his best is a brushwork of description of things which should be part of everyone's experience. It is quite a commonplace mind, more reflective than the ordinary, much more sensitive and loyal, an intellectual's certainly, though even in science curious rather than creative; but a mind endowed with a passion for natural things, like Gilbert White's of Selborne or Audubon's.

This is a great gift and to use it well, it is better not to be troubled with too flaming an imagination. Fireflies are to be hunted near the ground. The eagle Whitman and Emerson with his far-seeing eyes of a hawk, soared too high for Burroughs. It was a happy instinct which led him, when he was poor and struggling in Washington, burying dead negroes and trying to get into *The Atlantic Monthly*, to drop the Emersonian quest and go back to memory and observation. Thoreau described him when he said that nearly every American boy had been brought up with a gun in his hand and a woods to walk in. That did something to the subconscious which Europe never accomplished. Burroughs, like Thoreau, got beyond the gun, but not beyond the boy in the woods. He learned to write in order to become a second Emerson; but he used his skill best when he caught those cool and happy experiences where free and happy men in a natural environment turn the inward eye upon the minor life which carries the rhythm of their own on back into the inanimate. It is the bliss of solitude of which Wordsworth wrote, remembering his youth.

A mediocre mind is best, as minds go, for recording such experience. It is more justly reflective and steadier than genius. It is not anguished by mystery nor easily turned aside to human complexes. A poet is too tense for sustained description; and indeed if you would get the very feel and look of the American woods you must go to Burroughs and the few descriptive essays of Audubon rather than to Thoreau or even to John Muir whose sentiment wells up too quickly and moistens the scene. Charm is the word for Burroughs, though it is not the charm of other American writers essentially mediocre in comparison with genius, not the witty charm of Oliver Wendell Holmes, nor the graceful charm of Sidney Lanier. Burroughs's charm is in his own rather gentle personality and the complete rendering of what, if we were gentle and observant, we too ought to feel and see.

> The earth is ripe for (the plow), fairly lusts for it, and the freshly turned soil looks good enough to eat . . . Plucked my first blood-root this morning—a full-blown flower with a young one folded up in a leaf beneath it, only the bud emerging, like a papoose protruding from its mother's blanket . . .
>
> The soil never looks so inviting as in April; one could almost eat it; it is the staff of life; it lusts for the seed. Later one wants it covered with verdure and protected from the too fierce sun. Now his rays seem to vivify it; by and by they will bake it. Go and dig up some horseradish now, and bring in ... crisp spinach, and the sweet and ... s. Let us taste the flavor of the ... t, the crisp, the sugary . . . . drawn trill of the toad may ... ng row of vocal dots on the dusky page of the twilight. It is one of the soothing, quieting sounds, a chain of bubbles, like its chain of eggs; a bell reduced to an even, quiet monotone . . . .
>
> The cast of its song is very much like that of the wood-thrush, and a good observer might easily confuse the two. But hear them together, and the difference is quite marked: the song of the hermit is in a higher key, and is more wild and ethereal. His instrument is a silver horn which he winds in the most solitary places. The song of the wood-thrush is more golden and leisurely. Its tone comes near to that of some rare stringed instrument. One feels that perhaps the wood-thrush has more compass and power, if he would only let himself out, but on the whole he comes a little short of the pure, serene, hymn-like strain of the hermit.

But you cannot quote Burroughs, except for an occasional felicity of phrase. He is at his best in his total effects, like a quiet conversation, not brilliant but memorable. He is at his best as a simple narrator of a walk up the birch and hemlock mountains of the southern Catskills, on over trout streams, past half wild cattle, lost on the ridges, seeking a dark lake where hermits sing and the woodchuck backs hastily against the water maple, surprised at invaders. Not much happens, but behind him the woods have come to life, the flicker's "wick, wick, wick, wick," echoes spring and the orchards, the tumbling trout stream sparkles, a quiet light, half of memory half of new illumination, lies on the pastures and gilds the trees. The vesper sparrow's note of delicate pathos takes on overtones which are of the substance of life itself—some release comes to the imagination cooped and cribbed in brick and concrete and steel and the tighter bars of nervous human concern.

No ordinary man could bring about this release, and if I call Burroughs mediocre I do not mean that he is ordinary. He is essentially "of middle degree," not of that genius which can rouse any man, not of the common clay of which only pots are made. He is, if you please, the common man uncommonly gifted, and so the nearer to all of us, his fellows, if we are indeed of his nature-loving kind, for he has no power to enter the unsympathetic mind. I wish there were more like him, especially of course in the literature of nature, for we Americans in our rebound from the farm life, which was the experience of so many of our grandfathers, need immensely to be reminded of the soil. We are not natural metropolitans, like the Russian Jews, nor like the English who can get their nature's worth while following the national cult of sport. We professionalize our outdoor sport, making golf as near like work as we can, riding an exercise for parks, and walking an accident. The Englishman is either cockney or nature lover, the American turns Babbitt in a single generation from the farm. And even the Boy Scouts and the nature hikers and the children's camps are being institutionalized into an efficiency which, whatever its values, is not the leisure in nature which Burroughs sought.

I wish there were more like Burroughs in literature, mediocre men not ashamed of their simplicity, not trying to be smart journalists, adroit playwrights, vivid novelists, startling poets, but just setting down with all the skill they can muster, the things they see and like. Great literature does not come that way, but there is much solace in it for the questing spirit. Indeed it is a kind of genius to know yourself and your best perceptions, and to accomplish simply where more unbalanced men strain and fail.

Burroughs has no signs of immortality upon him. He is likely to endure beyond rarer spirits in literature because the homely, happy usefulness of his writing has got him into the text books, and next to great genius, and style, which he had only measurably, a text book is the best preservative of reputation. Many a mediocre Latin and Greek would have been forgotten centuries ago if the schools had not kept him alive. But like so many of these honest ploughers and sowers of the literary soil, who will never grow passion flowers or trees with a phoenix on them, Burroughs will keep readers and will breed new ones. He is like a family medicine, that never quite goes out of use. And I suspect that when his fine old head with its magnificent beard is quite forgotten, and hikers stop going to Slabsides, and his many volumes have been reduced to one or two hard come by in private libraries, he will have his revival as Hudson, somewhat prematurely, has already had his, and will be read in "The Return of the Birds" and "Pepacton" with an enthusiasm quite unexplainable except to ramblers and lovers of birds and people with inward eyes that find solace in simple experiences of natural beauty and tiny life, and readers with a taste for a style that is like a hillside pasture, uneven yet composed, with a beauty quite out of proportion to the simplicity of its elements. That is what mediocrity sometimes can accomplish.

Fads and Hobbies

COLLECTING: AN ESSAY. By Bohun Lynch. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1928. $2.

OLD ENGLISH PORCELAIN. A Handbook for Collectors. By W. B. Honey. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1928. $6.

Reviewed by John Spargo

THE average American collector, no matter what his particular hobby may be, is quite likely to let his envy of Mr. Bohun Lynch's opportunities and successes prevent his full enjoyment of the charm of the English collector's distinguished literary style. On the other hand, those who delight in fine prose, but are not interested in collecting anything in the whole gamut of things collectable—if such persons exist nowadays—are all too likely to pass by this essay because of its title. This is to be regretted for the reason that, while Mr. Lynch's essay contains much philosophical reflection and whimsical comment of especial interest to collectors as a class, whether their hobby chances to be postage stamps or first editions, it is eminently worth reading for its fine literary quality. One is led to say that the author's success as a collector is due largely to the discriminating taste reflected in his writing.

It is probably true, as Mr. Lynch says, that "most collectors have been talked into an admiration of the various objects which it is their desire to possess." Otherwise it would be very difficult to suggest a reason for collecting pen nibs, which was the first hobby of Mr. Lynch himself. And not otherwise can the collecting of old glass whiskey flasks, a fad which of late swept over these states like an epidemic, be explained. In the largest collection of these flasks, running into the hundreds, not more than a dozen at the most possess any charm of form or color justifying their preservation. The rest are rubbish: the glass is of poor quality, the designs and forms banal, and the color poor, except in the

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negligible number of instances where the union of pure form and color result in beauty worthy of appreciation and preservation. People are talked into the admiration they profess for such rubbish. Equally the good people who a season or so back scoured the backwoods of New England for crude pieces of pine furniture, to take the place of really fine old mahogany in many instances, did so from no real love of pine—which is an insipid and relatively characterless wood, with none of the charm of maple, or cherry, or birch, and needs paint to make it tolerable for long. No, they did it because it was "the thing," precisely as youngsters collected cigar bands in the nineties.

Mr. Lynch playfully satirizes this sort of collecting in a way that is thoroughly sane and no less thoroughly enjoyable. That, however, is a small part of his essay. In whimsical fashion he tells of many a find—and also many a "sell"—and outlines what he conceives to be the purposes, and the delimitations, of rationalized collecting, the gathering together of things of genuine interest and charm which blend into an ensemble of grace and lasting satisfaction.

Mr. Honey's elaborately illustrated book, "Old English Porcelain," is a much more pretentious affair. In view of the extensive list of large and relatively expensive books on ceramics published in England within a short time one wonders that there is still a market to tempt authors and publishers; that the saturation point appears not to have been reached. Equally one wonders whether it is possible for any writer at this late day to add anything of importance to our knowledge of such wares as those of the Derby, Chelsea, Bow, and Worcester porcelain factories, to name a few of the best known.

Let it be said at once that a careful and painstaking reading of the book reveals the fact that, as was to be expected, Mr. Honey makes little or no important addition to the already available store of factual information upon the subject of which he writes. The justification of his book rests wholly upon the competent and scholarly manner in which he discusses the many problems involved. Connected with the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, as an official of the department of ceramics, the author has had most unusual opportunities of attaining a degree of perfection of knowledge which no amateur collector can reasonably hope to attain. In addition to the rich collections under his care, Mr. Honey has been able to command, to a most unusual extent, the resources of other great London museums. His qualifications are therefore of the highest. The scholarship manifested throughout the book is sound and adequate, and the literary style, while not brilliant or distinctive, is free both from the heaviness of some writers in this field and the mushiness of others, and makes fairly easy reading.

Mr. Honey succeeds quite admirably in his effort to make technical terms and processes understandable. That this is not an easy thing to do the numerous failures of other writers afford the best evidence. When he discusses the characteristics of pastes and glazes he does not leave the reader puzzled by a mass of technical words which convey little or no meaning. The same understanding of the needs of the amateur collectors and the limitations of the average non-professional reader, is shown in the manner of illustrating the book. It would have been quite easy for one commanding such resources as the author to present illustrations of rare and unusual specimens which would have invested his book with a greater degree of novelty. It would have lessened its value by so much, however, for the value of the illustrations used depends upon their being typical and not exceptional. The average reader who is also a collector of porcelains will do well to read, mark, and inwardly digest in particular the warning Mr. Honey gives against dependence upon markers' marks for attributions. Not only were the marks of famous potters extensively copied by their contemporaries, but it is quite possible to "fake" marks, a very popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. The present writer knows of one instance at least in which the mark of an early American pottery, the products of which now command relatively high prices, was cleverly imposed upon quite worthless pieces not so very long ago. It is imperative that the collector must learn to know the wares by their qualities, marks or no marks, if he would obtain a maximum of satisfaction in the pursuit of his hobby. The serious ceramist will make a place for Mr. Honey's book upon his working bookshelf—even if he has to remove some other book to make room.

Further Reminiscences

THE MEMOIRS OF RAYMOND POINCARÉ (1913-1914). Translated and adapted by SIR GEORGE ARTHUR. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT
The University of Chicago

THE second volume of the English edition of M. Poincaré's memoirs includes the third and fourth volumes of "Au Service de la France" and covers the period from January 1913, when he was elected President of the French Republic, to the outbreak of the Great War. As his functions were largely decorative and his political responsibility was *nil*, his narrative does not compare in interest or importance with the first volume, which explained his conduct as head of the French government during the year 1912. Sir George Arthur has therefore done well to condense the lengthy account of M. Poincaré's ceremonial activities and to present with considerable fulness only that part of the story which deals with July 1914. Unfortunately the

DR. PETRIE'S PROPOSAL
Drawn for Petrie's "Rules of Good Deportment."
From "Queer Books," by Edmund Pearson
(Doubleday, Doran).

translation does not measure up to the high standard set in the first volume. Not only is there too much of journalese and even slang which is not in keeping with the exquisite diction of the French statesman, but many errors have been committed. Apart from numerous minor mistakes, there are ten passages in which M. Poincaré's language is seriously distorted; indeed in many of them he is made to say the opposite of what he wrote! Four footnote references, which are correctly given in the original, are misplaced. The telegrams between the Kaiser and the Czar have been retranslated from the French when it would have been easy to reproduce the original English of the august correspondents. Students should certainly use the French edition rather than this careless translation.

M. Poincaré's method of dealing with the events of July 1914 is to portray on the one hand the devious and obstinate diplomacy of the Central Powers as set forth in their own diplomatic documents and on the other hand the conciliatory and reasonable attitude of France and her associates. He invites us to compare, almost day by day, the threatening tone and the warlike mood of Berlin and Vienna with the pacific dispositions of St. Petersburg, Paris, and London. In the opinion of the reviewer, the exposition of Austro-German policy is fairly sound, although exception may be taken to some details, and it is easy to understand why M. Poincaré desires this side of the picture not to be forgotten. But he does not, and in the nature of things he cannot, apply the same critical acumen to the documents of the Entente Powers. The result is that he lays himself open to the charge of ignoring what is inconvenient to his thesis, such as certain telegrams of M. Izvolski, the Russian ambassador in Paris, which indicate rather more readiness for war on the part of both the French Government and French public opinion that M. Poincaré would have us believe. He would, in short, have done better to leave the flaying of the Wilhelmstrasse and the Ballplatz to M. Renouvin, whose well-known book is frequently cited, and to confine himself to a straightforward account of French policy during the crisis.

Although he makes considerable use of unpublished documents, M. Poincaré does not entirely lift the veil. Instead of publishing the reports which must have been sent to Paris of the conversations held by the French premier and himself with the Russian statesman at the time of their visit to St. Petersburg on the eve of the crisis, he is content to traverse some of the more extravagant versions. He does not tell us what advice was given to Serbia or whether, as has been alleged, the draft for the Serbian reply to the Austrian ultimatum was prepared by an official of the Quai d'Orsay. Above all, he says very little about the discussions in the French cabinet after his return from Russia although the allegations of his enemies made a full statement desirable. It may be that M. Poincaré's present political duties have interfered with the writing of his book, which lacks something of the clarity of the earlier volumes.

Of course the most important question is that of France's relationship to Russia and the latter's mobilization. The problem was one of extraordinary difficulty for France. As M. Poincaré puts it:

> Since the institution of the Franco-Russian alliance, no French Government, of whatever color, had conceived any idea of loosening, let alone renouncing, the bond between us. As a matter of fact, the two great European groups which existed before 1914 had for a considerable time succeeded in keeping the peace in the teeth of constant threats just because they balanced one another nicely and because from the fact that, roughly speaking, they were of equal strength, they had a wholesome fear of coming to blows with one another. No better organization than this could be imagined, and men were quick to say that for the safety of France and the peace of Europe the alliance with Russia and the entente with England were far preferable to any sort of splendid isolation.

And again, in a passage which the translator has omitted:

> Two obligations which were difficult to reconcile, but which were equally sacred rested upon us: do the impossible to prevent a conflict and do the impossible to be ready, if in spite of us it did break out. And yet two others which also ran the risk of being somewhat contradictory: not to repudiate an alliance upon which French policy had rested for a quarter of a century and the rupture of which would leave us in isolation, at the mercy of our rivals; at the same time to do what we could to induce our ally to moderation in a matter in which we were much less directly interested than it was.

On July 24, immediately on learning of the Austrian ultimatum, the Russian Government decided, in principle, to mobilize against Austria if the latter proceeded to extremes against Serbia. "Neither to Viviani nor to myself," says M. Poincaré, "had Sazonoff given any hint of these military preparations, which were certainly not in his mind when we left Russia." The French ambassador asked for assurances that no military measures had been ordered. Two days later he reported the Russian decision. The French Government did not protest: in face of the Serbian reply, it considered the Russian action justified, and the German foreign minister declared that Germany would not be forced to mobilize if Russia confined her preparations to the southern districts. When, on July 29, the German Government abandoned this position and the Russian Government informed its ally that it must proceed with its military preparations, M. Viviani replied July 30:

> France is resolved to fulfil all her obligations as an ally, but in the interests of general peace, and as the Powers less interested are now conferring, I think it would be well that in the precautionary and defense measures which Russia thinks necessary to take, she will do nothing which might afford a pretext to Germany for either a general or partial mobilization of her armed forces.

But what of Izvolski's telegram stating that the minister of war and an official of the foreign office had privately given advice as to how Russia might secretly begin her preparations? M. Poincaré simply denies that the French officials gave such advice and declares that once more Izvolski misunderstood what was said to him. If so, the French Government can be credited with an effort to restrain its ally, whose mobilization it "continued to regret" and to regard as "a too precipitate move." But since M. Poincaré will not admit that the Russian mobilization justified a German declaration of war or relieved France of her obligations, he and the French Government would have been in an embarrassing position had not Germany also declared war on France, for they were haunted by the terrible fear that if France, as they held she was bound to do, honored her signature and went to the aid of Russia, she might lose the assistance of Great Britain. Thanks to the German action, M. Poincaré is able to represent his country as the victim of deliberate

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aggression. Taken as a whole, his narrative is an adumbration of the remark once ascribed to him by Izvolski: "France is undoubtedly peacefully inclined, neither looking for war nor desiring it, but if Germany goes against Russia, this state of mind will change immediately." That the French Government worked for peace, is clear, but it preferred war to diplomatic defeat or isolation—which was precisely the position of Germany with reference to Austria.

An Ideal Diarist

THE FARINGTON DIARY. Edited by JAMES GREIG. Vols. 1-7. 1793-1814. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1922-1928. $7.50 per vol.

Reviewed by WILBUR C. ABBOTT
Harvard University

THERE is a great and perennial charm about a diary. Large or small, important or insignificant, it is like opening a window into the past, and observing from it, as one observes through those mirrors which even yet adorn the second stories of many continental houses, the pageant of the streets below. That pageant may be but humdrum, everyday shoppers and workmen, loiterers and delivery boys; it may be the march of troops, the splendors of a royal progress, the solemn processions of the church, the riot of a mob, merchants going about their business, housewives about their small domestic concerns, or the activities of literary and artistic souls in pursuit of fame or even livelihood. But, whatever it is about, a diary is always interesting. It enables us to see how other people live and have lived. The accounts of Fugger or Medici; the daily notes of a London alderman under the Cromwellian régime, the diary of an American in revolutionary Paris; that of an Indian "dubash" under Joseph Dupleix; all these and many more of still more various character, have illumined for us the byways and even the highways of the past. But of them all the most extraordinary in a variety of ways is that of Mr. Joseph Farington, R. A., which has now brought its readers through more than twenty years and promises to take them through another seven.

First as to length. Seldom if ever has any man kept a diary so long; for the writing of diaries seems to be one of those not uncommon things which we begin with much enthusiasm, but which, for one reason or another, we presently give up. Yet the most valuable quality of a diary, next to the importance of its contents, is that it shall go on. What would we not give for a continuation of Pepys through the later years of Charles II, the reign of James II, and the Revolution? Luttrell but feebly fills the void, instructive as he is. Yet, all in all, the English people are extraordinarily fortunate in their diarists. Run through the list of them since Pepys, and you will find, what with Luttrell and Evelyn and Reresby; with Horace Walpole and his astigmatic memories; with Boswell, who is, after all, chiefly a diarist; with Wraxall, despite his critics' epitaph, "Here *lies* Nathaniel Wraxall"; with Creevy and Greville; to say nothing of the unspeakable Hickey; and, more recently, Asquith and—*longo intervallo*—Repington; there is an amazing list of them; these and others of less repute. Yet among them, now after a century, the name of Farington must be inscribed high on the list.

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A good diarist must be possessed of other qualities beside the mere mechanical patience to set down each day's happenings as they come along. He should be a man of observant powers, with as much sound judgment as Providence allows; and he must be in a position to be able to observe people and things worth the recording. He should have a sense of values and proportions; he should be a man of spirit, and of humor; he should have reasonably wide interests and outlook on life. He need not have high literary style; indeed it probably is better that he should not have, else he would dress up his observations, and so depreciate their value. Above all, perhaps, he should be a gossipy soul; and it is better that he should not be malicious.

If we apply these tests to Farington, it is apparent that he meets them all. He is, in fact, almost the ideal diarist. He lived a long time and moved in some of the most interesting circles of his day. If he was not always himself directly in touch with eminent men—and it is astonishing how many of them he knew—he had wide acquaintance with those who almost above all others were in contact with greatness; for who should know greatness better than those who painted its portraits? He lived through great events; he was interested in almost everything; he went almost everywhere; he heard an amazing amount of gossip; and he noted nearly everything that came under his eyes. And, finally, what is best of all, he had no axe to grind; he had no enemies on whom he took this opportunity to vent his spite. As an artist, the pageant of events presented itself to him as a picture of the times; and if he was not in the secrets of cabinets, one finds, sadly enough, in reading the stories of those who were, that even cabinet ministers are not always omniscient, nor do they always know even what the man who sits next to them thinks.

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Nor did Farington lack a sense of humor. Who can read without amusement of that debate between Burke and Mirabeau on government and society, no less animated because the one knew no English and the other no French, within the meaning of the verb "to know." And as to curiosity! He could not stop under a shed in Devonshire without learning from a carpenter about the signs of bad weather in that quarter of England. He notes with interest the estates left by those whom he had known; the receipts of Covent Garden Theatre; the relative height and weight of the giants of the eighteenth century, Daniel Lambert and Bright; the individuals who took part in Pitt's obsequies; the suppression of indelicate passages in the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; the acting of Talma; the Ratcliff Highway murders; gambling practices of his time and the conduct of Newmarket; the table manners of Bonaparte; fishing; gardening, the price of agricultural produce and methods of cultivation and marketing; the little personal traits of a whole regiment of men and women, from royal families to the humblest of individuals; antiquarianism; Adam Smith's political economy; and through all and in all an amount of artistic information and gossip of incredible volume and value. So far as one may judge, Farington seems to have lacked interest in only two things, prizefighting and highway robbery. It is an amazing panorama of his time. It is more; it is a talking moving picture. And if, as we are told, history is to resolve itself from the bird's-eye to the ant's-eye view; if "human interest" is to succeed the doing of the statesmen and generals as its motive; if personalities are to replace principles; the future historian of the late eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries need scarcely go outside these pages for his facts, or even his anecdotes.

"The Diaries," wrote Farington in his will, "were written for my amusement, and much of them to assist my recollection in matters in which I was engaged, or to enable me to reconsider opinions given, and thereby to strengthen my own judgment. Much also I was induced to put down in writing as being curious Anecdote and useful to the Biographer. It will be seen by the great proportion of trifling detail contained in them that they were written for myself only, and it was long my intention to destroy them." We may thank our lucky stars that his better judgment prevailed and chance, which seems to be the only tutelary divinity which governs history, that they were finally discovered and so published for the edification of a generation as far removed from his as his was from that of Augustus. It is good to know that there are to be more volumes. It is our misfortune that Farington did not live two centuries.

"And How!"

(*Continued from page* 393)

horses, to ideas, to plays, to life in general, and especially to girls. Whether Earth-life ever changed so much in thirty years as it did between 1898 and this present month he does not discuss. It may be doubted whether there was ever before available power in the world to make such changes as we have seen in that space of time. It probably changed rapidly at the time when Rome was turning from brick to marble. There must have been changes in Spain when the Moorish civilization was ripening. There were changes doubtless after Waterloo, especially in England, but was ever so much done in thirty years as many of us have lived to see and upon which Mr. Tarkington has lived to remark?

He was already a going writer, and a frequenter of New York again, in the days of the war with Spain. He talks about the hour glass girls of that period. He cannot be called an aged man, but he saw the spread of the telephone, the introduction of electric light, the early motor cars (and bought one in Paris), the beginnings of man-flight and, of course, the Great War and the immense material development of the United States, which is still going on with the demolition and rebuilding of cities, the enormous road construction, the shooting up of innumerable skyscrapers and towers, and all the other things that still in their disclosure fill us elders with astonishment and more or less dismay. He discusses all these matters and always in a fashion that makes for entertainment. He pays attention to the stage with which he has had much to do as a provider of plays. He discusses dramatic realism, making an effort, which he does not attempt to conceal, to preserve a judicial mind; so he makes no sweeping condemnations, but as he objects to smut on the new buildings of the smoke-ridden middle-west cities, so also he objects to smut in plays.

His story of the harmless middle westerner whose more sophisticated widowed sister took him to Paris to be infected with the delusion that he had no clothes on, is most amusing. His discussion of Juliet, daughter of a midland Victorian father, who took to riding breeches and cigarettes and was having her hair cut off in a barber shop when the father came in to be shaved—that also is amusing, but it is very thoughtful and it does not rush to any rash conclusions about the girls. Mr. Tarkington is evidently for having them work out their own destiny and though he does not approve of all the incidents of that process at present visible, he is not frightened.

The attraction of Mr. Tarkington's remarks in this book and of his books in general is that while he is full of humor and ministers to entertainment and is a story-teller and sees to it that his stories are readable, in the back of his mind he is a serious man, examining life with a deeper comprehension of its processes and proceedings than any other American writer now successfully implicated in the production of works of fiction. That is why one cares to listen to him speculating about the purpose and the probable outcome of what is going on.

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One subject, on which he has written before and about which he knows something, he has not touched upon in this book. He wrote a discourse once called "Stars in the Dust-heap" which he afterwards put into his introduction to his long-time neighbor Mrs. May Wright Sewall's extraordinary book on spirits and spirit doctors. In that discourse, speaking of the searchers after communication with the dead, he said: "Their task is heavy, but it is the greatest one, for it is the task that must be done before civilization can begin. To lift the burden of the unknown from the human soul—to destroy the great darkness; that is the work which engages them. Men can not be sane in the daylight until the night becomes knowable."

Some day, no doubt, he will tackle that subject again and try to get to the bottom of current knowledge about it. Perhaps it was too large a matter to be included in this present book; perhaps it does not seem to him ripe enough for exhaustive discussion. Nevertheless when he comes to that subject he will probably have a good deal to say and will say it incomparably well. He will not know more than a good many other people, doubtless not so much as some, but he has a gift of getting ideas across to persons who need them and that gift will be well employed on the task that "must be done before civilization can begin."

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Employment and the Fit

THE TWILIGHT OF THE AMERICAN MIND. By W. B. PITKIN. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

PROFESSOR PITKIN offers a decisive and alarming thesis. He is convinced that we are facing a crisis by reason of "the great increase of high-grade intelligence" for which we cannot find any fitting employment. He surveys our population in terms of the "best minds,"—defined as the best one in a hundred graded by intelligence. In our 120 million there would be 1,200,000 of such best minds. Surveying the major occupations demanding high intelligence, Professor Pitkin concludes that we have at least three times as many such men now as we can find employment for; he predicts that by 1975 that ratio will be increased. The reason for all this alarm is that with the progress of scientific management we are increasing the clientèle which one executive or one doctor or one financier or one lawyer or one journalist can serve. Consequently, the advance of organization diminishes the number of opportunities for satisfactory occupation of the best minds. Next, much of this work can be almost as well done by a second-best mind, which is but slightly inferior to the lower average of the first-class mind, but which increases the "best mind" population vastly.

Professor Pitkin does not overestimate the value of intelligence tests; yet he regards them as sufficiently reliable to detect best-mindedness. The best 1% of minds have an I. Q. of 130 or over; a 130 mind is extraordinarily intelligent only in comparison with the average; if we include minds of 127 or 128 I. Q., we more than double the number who could qualify as good minds requiring high-grade employment. With the work of the world so organized and mechanized as to require few to man it, we face the intellectual peril, with masses of minds all dressed up with education and no place to go.

* * *

Professor Pitkin, regarding the world as an employment bureau, and accepting the economics of manufacture and distribution and mass production as the standard for all occupations, formulates the major rule: "never to give to any man work which another man of less ability can do equally well so far as the finished product is concerned." He holds that men just equal to their jobs do the job better because they are content and not worried in seeking better occupation. The crisis impends when best minds fail to find satisfying work and become maladjusted, leading to mental disturbances, complexes, blocked activities, unhappiness, brooding, and worry. In that not so distant day, instead of supermen we shall have super-mendicants, because there is "no natural symmetry between the distribution of intelligence and the distribution of jobs requiring various types of intelligence."

Despite the array of facts and the challenge to critics to discover the fallacy in the argument, the impression of it all is far from convincing. The point, admitted in the concluding chapter, that there is more in life than the job, offers the correction. Intelligence like many a virtue is its own reward. There is nothing lost and much gained by having a chauffeur with greater intelligence than is necessary under ordinary circumstances to drive a car. The analogy of mass production as applied to other trades and professions is most limited; nor is it true that earning one's living in one way and expending one's best mental energy in another is a wholly undesirable or complex-inducing situation. The number of those who become maladjusted mainly through superiority to their job is not an alarming one.

* * *

Professor Pitkin directs his case against the eugenists, holding that while we should prevent the breeding of the unfit, we may readily improve the race to the increasing difficulty of employing it. He sets forth that the application of business methods to other professions will bring about what he calls a "grade B Utopia," while the yearning for a grade A Utopia will spread discontent. All of which is less true than misleading. In brief, Professor Pitkin, who unquestionably has an able mind, has presented a forcible thesis, yet it all depends upon the scale of values. One questions his proportions more than his design. The thesis, more soberly interpreted, reduces the situation from the dramatic intensity, which his skilled journalistic treatment gives it, to a matter of consideration, but not alarm. The world is much more than an employment bureau; and intelligence, though it becomes a drug on certain markets, will not lose its occupation. It may drop many points in its quotation on 'Change and yet pay (intangible) dividends.

The Essence of Civilization

CIVILIZATION. By CLIVE BELL. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

MR. BELL, in his "Dedication to Virginia Woolf," reminds her that in their earlier and more radical days, when both were greatly concerned with the fate of humanity, he had rough drafted a *magnum opus*, a book to be called "The New Renaissance," a picture of contemporary art, thought, and society as well as a history of those manifestations of civility. But the subject turned out unmanageable, and then came the War. He cut out a section and published it in 1914 under the title "Art"; in 1919 another chapter called "On British Freedom"; and now, with the *opus* abandoned, he issues the last instalment, the gist of the whole argument, so far as it is an argument, modified by somewhat altered opinions and beliefs.

What is civilization? Since we proclaim in the midst of war that we are fighting for it, it seems reasonable to suppose it something good; yet it is not an absolute good, nor a good as an end, for good states of mind are the only absolute good. At least civilization in the meaning which he proposes to maintain is not absolute good, but a particular means to certain good states of mind.

To begin with what it is not: it is not respect for property rights, nor the high position of women, nor belief in God and eternal justice, nor sexual morality, nor truthfulness, nor cleanliness, nor patriotism; for each of these virtues and characteristics are found flourishing here and there in savage societies.

> Obviously the essence of civilization is something to which savages have not attained; wherefore it cannot consist of primitive virtues—Civilization is not a natural product. We may expect it rather to have to do with those last acquisitions of humanity—self-consciousness and the critical spirit. We may expect it to be the result of education. Civilization is something artificial.

* * *

Many doubts and queries will arise in the course of Mr. Bell's argument, and one may as well record them as they arise. Obviously his definition of civilization is going to be very particular, if not narrow. If every individual or social trait that anthropologists may discover among savages is to be shut out from the concept, we may even expect to find Mr. Bell in trouble with his concept. There are, for instance, notable examples among savages of tolerance and of pleasure in esthetic emotion, and these two he will come presently to place among the most essential traits of his truly civilized man. But is not civilization something complex rather than something exclusive? Are not most of its elements both natural and artificial? Was any civilization ever compact of nothing but the artificial? And if you insist that only in respect to this artificial part is the word civilized to be applied, are you not splitting a living unity and taking the vitality out of it? One may suspect at least that a society bereft of all those "natural" or uncivilized virtues, and wholly governed by such late acquisitions as self-consciousness and the critical spirit, would be very short-lived.

The three paragon eras selected are fifth and fourth century Athens, Renaissance Italy, and France from Fronde to Revolution, and of the last the later and critical portion rather than the earlier and more creative. For "the essential characteristic of a civilized society is not that it is creative, but that it is appreciative; savages create furiously." Again one must demur. The implication is that savages do not appreciate what they create. Possibly the source of the opinion is more personal than historical. It may run in Mr. Bell's experience that the society of good art critics is usually more cultivated, more critical and conscious, less primitively instinctive, than a society of good artists. At any rate he feels that the traits common to the best society of those eras, and not to be found among the savages, should be the traits essential and characteristic of a high civilization, and that these traits are reasonableness and taste, or reason and a sense of values, a respect for thought and for art. Now, in respect to values: eighteenth century France understood the importance of art, but "reserved its finest enthusiasm for things of the intellect"; the Renaissance reserved its most fiery admiration for visual art and erudition; Athenian enthusiasm was more inclusive for art, literature, science, and philosophy. The Renaissance Italian of wealth cared almost as little for domestic comfort as the Athenian. He had luxury and magnificence, but no comforts. The Athenian spent money lavishly on theaters and stately temples; but he had no domestic conveniences at all. Eighteenth century France cared for style and respected its standards. In fact France has never been without standards and this traditional basis has kept its culture up to a certain level of excellence. It has still a civilization. What passes for civilization in England "is so smug and hypocritical, so grossly Philistine and at bottom so brutal that every first rate Englishman necessarily becomes an outlaw."

* * *

The reason for thinking our nineteenth and twentieth century civilization inferior to these three is first, then, its inferior sense of values. It cares more for comfort than for style. Its standards are either vulgar or confused. There is no dominating society in whose intercourse reason is enthroned and minds play freely over all subjects without prejudice or prudery—as once in Paris and in Athens; where the love of beauty was a passion if not a duty, and "the merits of painters and sculptors were canvassed as hotly as in Yorkshire are those of footballers and jockeys"—as once in Athens and in Florence. He who possesses a sense of values cannot be a Philistine; he will value art, thought, and knowledge for their own values, that is, for no utility except that they are the direct means to good states of mind. Works of art "being direct means to esthetic ecstasy are direct means to good," and the disinterested pursuit of scientific or any kind of truth is analogous. Knowledge is not, however, a direct means of good, but only as it is assimilated by the intellect and imagination. It is peculiar to a civilized people that they can esteem the value of knowledge as a means to exquisite spiritual states above any of its utilitarian virtues. "The Athenians wished to live richly rather than to be rich; which is why we reckon them the most civilized people in history." They sought truth as a means of culture, never invented a spinning jenny, and rather despised all that sort of thing as incompatible with the finest life.

Mr. Bell does not like the saints, and does not seem inclined to recognized religious ecstasy as an exquisite state of mind, or moral elevation as an absolute good. Herein of course he would differ radically from St. Francis and Emmanuel Kant. "The richest and fullest life obtainable, a life which contains the maximum of vivid and exquisite experiences, is the end of every civilized man's desire." Such a life would not have seemed to them obtainable without certain experiences which do not especially interest Mr. Bell at all. If "vivid and exquisite experiences" recalls the attitude and phraseology of Walter Pater, so do these chapters on Values and on Reasonableness recall Matthew Arnold. He would diverge widely, even violently, from Arnold on Victorian "prudery," but if there is an Oxford School from which he proceeds, it is probably a school which draws largely from Arnold and Pater. And in an age like our own, when the main currents seem to set more toward the equipage than the spirit of an ideal civilization, one feels drawn to the support rather than to the detraction of such critics. The "friend of man" does desire that he should "feel deep, think clear, bear fruit well" rather than excel in "the pride of life," or in any kind of mechanics of existence.

* * *

But Mr. Bell seems somewhat narrow and exclusive. Civilization is to him rather too much a matter of admirable conversation. It is a limited group of exquisitely receptive esthetics and intellectuals in which he is mainly interested and regards as constituting or determining a civilization, a radiating center of culture which must either be based on a supporting proletariat or its necessary leisure must be provided by public endowment, by a public so enlightened as to realize that in no other way can a high civilization be produced and disseminated. He would prefer one based on liberty and justice rather than on even an Athenian slavery, but a social democracy is yet to be heard of enlightened enough to maintain the means of civilization of its own accord. Such a democracy need not be despaired of, but it has never existed and does not

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seem to be in sight. We may share Mr. Bell's unhopeful desire for a democracy with so high a sense of values and so sweetly reasonable, without being wholly committed to his theory of what precisely is the nature, essence, or definition of civilization. For granted that to be esthetically sensitive and intellectually free-ranging is a good state of mind, and civilized so far as it goes; still, if anyone should happen to believe that moral integrity is as essential to the idea of civilization as intellectual integrity, and not at all the same; and that religious ecstasy may be as good a state of mind as esthetic ecstasy, and not necessarily unanalyzed; I do not see that the opinion of an art critic to the contrary need utterly destroy him. He might take refuge in the more or less rational opinion that civilization is a complex, indeterminate, and relative idea; that there is no essence of it, and hence no such essence of it was ever embodied in any society; that even Athenian society was grossly uncivilized in several important respects. In the shelter of such opinions he would be not unlikely to survive.

A Napoleonic Novel

A LITTLE LESS THAN GODS. By FORD MADOX FORD. New York: The Viking Press. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD CURLE

IT would appear that many years ago Joseph Conrad and Mr. Ford (then Mr. Hueffer) planned to collaborate in a novel to go with the escape of Napoleon from Elba. The idea must have clung to both authors after the scheme for collaboration had collapsed, for in "Suspense" we have Conrad's unfinished version, while in "A Little Less Than Gods" Mr. Ford presents us with his rendering.

It is interesting to note that the hero of both novels—or if not the hero exactly, at least a pivotal figure—is a young Englishman and that Mr. Ford's novel begins about the time when Conrad's breaks off, but further comparison would lead us nowhere. Although these two distinguished writers did collaborate in the older days, their manner has little in common beyond a rectitude to their art.

And in "A Little Less Than Gods" Mr. Ford's art is less immediately convincing than in many of his novels. An air of unreality hangs over this book, and the figures, brilliantly outlined as some of them are, seem nevertheless to be puppets rather than human beings. This perhaps is partly due to the high epic quality of the narration. It is as if Mr. Ford were more intent on recreating the atmosphere of an epoch, than in endowing his actors with vitality. The total effect is curious: the very formality of the characters—formal, somehow, in spite of their passionate and exciting likes—helps us to get a clear perspective of the age. The artificial charm of Watteau's figures is itself a guide to the spirit of the time, and Mr. Ford may well have had an extremely subtle artistic motive in giving a slightly abstract tone to his people. They are part of a drama which transcends individual emotion; they are caught up, as it were, in the fate of Napoleon and the tragedy of the Hundred Days.

Napoleon himself appears on a number of occasions and Mr. Ford allows us some vivid glimpses of him. For example:—

> Napoleon stood, a little, still figure in an immense hat, waiting unimpressedly whilst the last ripples of enthusiasm died out of the ranks of his men and the serried disorder of the crowd. He appeared above a hedge of bearskins and long steel, motionless, all-seeing with his expressionless, as if resentful, eyes of the eagle. . . . There he stood with a voice that shook the heart in its beat and with a glance that threatened death for a man that moved inopportunely.

The story as such is not altogether easy to follow owing to the method of telling it which Mr. Ford has selected; but, apart from the background itself, it has to do, in both with the inevitably hopeless love affair of George Feilding and Hélène de Frèjus and in part with an imagined escape, engineered by the fabulously rich Assheton Smith, of Marshal Ney to America.

This Assheton Smith, an historic figure—the family still continues, very rich, in England, is perhaps the outstanding personage of the novel. But in his overwhelming pride and coolness he is scarcely credible. He is magnificent as a portent, but he is not convincing as a man, and he too goes to show that to be a little less than a god is also to be a little less than human. But probably Mr. Ford drew him on purpose as he is, another superman for his historic scene.

To appreciate this novel, in short, one must judge it from standards which seem to define themselves as one progresses. It is an able piece of work in an unusual *genre* and like "Salammbo," it gives a mixed atmosphere of tragic grandeur and fatality to the past.

Musings

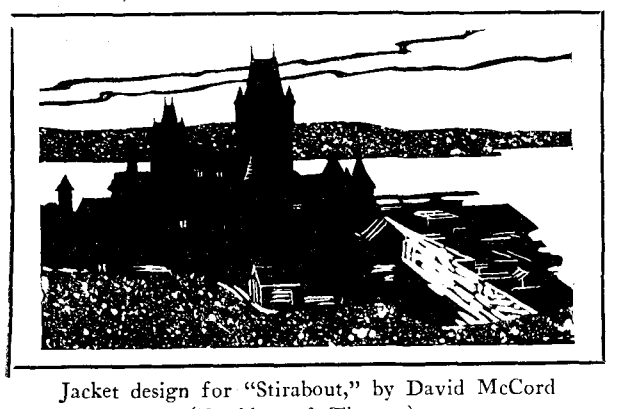
STIRABOUT. By DAVID MCCORD. Cambridge: Washburn & Thomas. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT O. BALLOU

WHEN he is objective and writes of the wood road through the whiteness of the birches, he deals in a divine elixir for the intoxication of the soul. When he is utterly subjective and goes on and on of how he is "always in the process of writing, but nothing ever seems to get written," or of his fear of the Eiffel Tower, or of the effect that the word "senang" has upon him, I confess that he bores me a little, even though his prose remains a magical combination of sounds.

He has a trick of beginning a piece mysteriously, composing his first few paragraphs as a musical prelude to what he is about to say, without taking the reader into his confidence as to the subject of his remarks (as I am trying clumsily to do here, faced by the unfair advantage of the listing at the top of this discussion.) For pages he will run on, referring to "he" or "they" or "it," chuckling to himself over the antecedent hidden up his sleeve. On page 4 he reveals it casually, (as I shall do in paragraph 3) still chuckling, saying to his reader, "What? Didn't you know that I was talking about roof patchers all the time?"

David McCord's "Stirabout" demonstrates clearly some of the reasons why a man becomes an essayist



Jacket design for "Stirabout," by David McCord (Washburn & Thomas).

rather than a novelist or dramatist. Listen to this and feel all of the tingling anticipation which the opening paragraph of a Hardy novel might stimulate:

> Because the trees grew thickly overhead, only a little of the moonlight fell on the road. It lay in silver patches on the needles, on the stones, and in the crumbled ruts where a cart had passed months before. The shadows were like tongues of darkness and covered the ground with a scroll of grotesque figures. On either side was nothing but the whiteness of the birches where the night dissolved in a pool of immitigable gloom. Above, the sky ran like a little brook, and the stars which shone faintly were the pebbles of its bed.

That is the first paragraph of "The Wood Road," one of the finest essays in McCord's latest volume. But it might be the first paragraph of a short story by Thomas Hardy. It is a setting for love or murder or flight, for terror or exaltation, for whatever emotion the next paragraph (in which the action of the story is introduced or the description carried further) injects into it. But instead of action, or more of the beauty of fine, objective description, we have this:

> There is no road in the world so beautiful as the wood road under the full moon of June. It seems without beginning or end, like a silver splinter of eternity.

Thus the essayist is proven. Well started on an objective description of great beauty, he is suddenly sidetracked by emotion and wanders about among his own thoughts and feelings. Like all essayists, David McCord is interested primarily in finding the exact phrase which will enunciate his own reactions to details. His being is roused to utterance not by the tremendous, forceful, dramatic happenings, but by the little plaintive phenomena, "the stirring of a leaf, or the chirping of an awakening bird." (I am quoting again from "The Wood Road.") "It may be the cry of the horned owl to tell you it is not a dream. It may be the snapping of a twig. It may be the soughing of the littlest wind in the silver of the pines. It may be nothing."

If the reader is in the same mood as the author the words which he reads are music in his ears. If he is not at the moment interested in the minute thing which Mr. McCord is discussing he may as well close the book, for there is no escape within the next few paragraphs. All that there is to be said about that one detail will be said before another subject is opened.

There is pain in these score or more of essays. There is an uncomplaining cry against matters which the world takes for granted and an attempt to escape into consideration of trivialities, desire to preserve a taste for caramel custard and mourning that the taste wears itself out when gratified, an attempt to mitigate the nuisance of book agents by being facetious about them, a futile anodyne composed of twaddle against the horror of too much third-rate poetry.

And it is this unexpressed pain which robs the humor of much of its sparkle. If only Mr. McCord could let himself deliver a few ribald curses at the book agent, so that he could laugh whole-heartedly at himself and the agent alike! If only he could fling a few regulation-sized bricks at the third-rate poets so that he would discover how, after that, they were really not worth talking much about! Reading him, I kept wanting to say, "You are laughing because you are afraid that both weeping and cursing are not to be done in public. Let your tears flow and your curses boom, that you may restore validity to your laughter."

In his volume of twenty-odd essays there are half a dozen which will stir you deeply with their beauty, and as many more which will make you smile quietly at their insistent humor. Though the rest seem trivial, the person behind them never once quite gets out of hearing. He stands there with something fine and important to say, afraid that he cannot find words with which to say it. And this fear of and love for words produces a prose which is always music.

Priest and Sovereign

RASPUTIN. The Holy Devil. By RENÉ FÜLÖP-MILLER. New York: The Viking Press. 1928. $5.

THE INTIMATE LIFE OF THE LAST TZARINA. By PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL. New York: The Dial Press. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

WHATEVER Fülöp-Miller's book isn't, it is, at any rate, the most thorough-going picture yet made of the astounding Grigori Efimovich Rasputin. The known facts of the Rasputin drama and the nightmare background against which it was played, are in themselves so incredible a mixture of ancient Byzantium and the modern psychopathic ward, that the westerner acquainted with part of the story will hesitate to brush aside anything that such a chronicle as this offers, on the mere ground that it is outlandish and absurd. What Herr René Fülöp-Miller seems to have done, to judge from his array of sources, is to have gone through all the pertinent diaries and letters, court and police investigations, books written on the subject and various private manuscripts, the originals of which are said to be in his possession, and then to have written a more or less smooth and coherent "fictional" biography of his man.

The word "fictional" is used advisedly. For there are frequent and extended passages in which atmosphere is filled in and moods and motives confidently described, not in the approximately "scholarly" manner of—for example—Strachey's "Queen Victoria," but frankly after the fashion of the novelist who choses to look down on all his characters with the eye of omniscience. There is a difference of method here often overlooked—the difference, that is to say, between the biographer who puts into imaginative terms that which he could "document" if he chose, and the writer who more or less freely guesses, even though his guesses may be right.

Briefly, the author sets out to show that the "holy devil"—a subtitle borrowed ironically from a scurrilous pamphlet against Rasputin by the monk Ilidor—was not as devilish as he has been made out to be. He was a tireless libertine, and the relations between the "wonder-worker" and the hysterical women who buzzed around him, are set forth at length and in detail, with quiet relish and a continuing sly pornography. He took bribes and presents right and left, made and unmade ministers and prelates, was

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the center of all sorts of poisonous intrigue, and as fatal an influence to the dynasty and to Russia as any of his enemies have pictured him. The difference of accent and interpretation here lies in the author's endeavor to show that in spite of all the objective mischief he wrought, he remained the simple Siberian mouzhik, often giving sensible advice, in his shrewd, intuitive peasant's way, well-meaning after his fashion, and not unlikable.

If he took money whenever offered, he thrust it, uncounted, into his pocket, one minute, in order to give it away the next or to spend it like a drunken sailor. And if he squeezed all the traffic would bear from speculators and concession-hunters, he took just as much pains with and was just as likely to help some peasant who had tramped for days to get to him and offered him nothing more than a basket of eggs or a pair of home-made mittens. If he drank like a fish and ran amuk among the women, that was partly due to his extraordinary vitality, partly to the inheritance of his years as a pilgrim and his adherence to the practices of the Khlysty sect (it has been denied, of course, that Rasputin belonged to the Khlysty) according to which salvation is won through repentence and only those can fully repent who have fully sinned and "driven out" the Devil from their flesh by exhausting him. In short, the Rasputin of Fülöp-Miller is less the sinister Anti-Christ so often pictured, than a kind of unhousebroken, ignorantly-mystical, Siberian Playboy. And the almost incredible rôle he played in the dying days of the old régime, was due less to conscious scheming on his part than to the social and political morbidity into which, at that tragic instant in Russia's history, this grotesque but primitively vigorous force happened to be dropped.

Something of this sort seems to be Fülöp-Miller's thesis, in so far as his narrative, obviously written for popular consumption, may be said to have one. How sound it may be, we don't undertake to say. One can only say, off-hand, that the author tells the whole story of Rasputin's life, including his Siberian childhood and *Lehr-und-Wanderjahre*, collects a greater amount of evidence, of one sort and another than has been presented in any one narrative, and that the whole yarn has a certain consistency with its premises. It is quite startling and intriguing enough to appeal to tastes nourished on the wildest fiction.

* * *

Compared with the Fülöp-Miller book, Princess Radziwill's biography of the Empress Alexandra seems rather pale and conventional. To the Rasputin episode, she contributes nothing not commonly known, and although frankly critical of Alexandra for the progressive isolation, physical and mental, in which she shut herself, she agrees with other fair-minded observers in explaining Rasputin's uncanny hold over the Empress as due to that isolation, to her morbid preoccupation with the Tzarevitch's illness, and her conviction that "our Friend" was their only dependable help in their tragic loneliness and need.

Princess Radziwill speaks bitterly of the royal family's indifference to the aristocracy—using that word in its special Russian sense as referring to the few ancient titled families as distinguished from the bureaucracy—and suggests that the former, rather than the swarming *chinovniki*, Ministers, diplomats, and the like, had Russia's real interests at heart. She accents also Nicholas's almost unbelievable indifference to everything but the details of his "petty bourgeois" family life, which so absorbed his interest, that, as Prince Serge Volkonski once remarked, one had the feeling, in talking to him, that "one stood in the presence of an empty place."

After her considerable experience in writing for the western press, Princess Radziwill's own notions have doubtless been more or less modified by her surroundings. Ten years ago, one fancies, she might not so confidently have stated, as she does in discussing Prince Youssoupoff's part in the murder of Rasputin, that "the whole conception of the assassination . . . proves beyond a doubt that Russia, in spite of its pretended civilization, was, in reality, a savage country run by savages, a bad edition of the Lower Greek Empire, and, like it, had court favorites, jesters, satraps, murderers, and voluntary executioners . . ." The above sentence, is not, however, typical.

Those familiar with the many recent Russian memoirs, the histories and collections of letters published since the Revolution, will find in Princess Radziwill's book little more than a readable rearrangement of known facts. Those to whom the "last Czarina" is still but a name, should find in this narrative much to interest them.

The Bowling Green

Elysian Fields

THE life of actors and managers, in a stock company at least, gives them mercifully little time to think. For there are wise old precautions against being too sharply aware of the tissue of analogies that is our whole mental world. Only to oldest most compassionate friends does anyone confess his amazed and troubled apprehensions of loveliness. The actor when offstage is, I daresay, secretly aware of the exquisite symbolism of the theatre as a microscope of all civilized existence—that symbolism which so engaged the mind of the greatest Actor-Manager. But in his work the burning radiance of the footlights rises between the actor and the house, just as the dazzling urgency of To-day is always between man and Reality. He must not be aware of his audience—nor even of himself. The least seizure of introspection is fatal.

Such statements are absurd; but it is the beauty of all esthetic rules that they are absurd and impossible. By our freedom of manœuver along the frontier of impossibility we exist as artists. The very greatest of Actor-Managers, we are told, was an atrocious performer. This was as it must be. A good Manager *should* be a bad actor. He should have too many things on his mind to make it possible for him to be a slick performer.

* * *

Surely it is that occasional dumb awareness of Perfect Analogy that is the actor's consolation. It is the more perfect because he rarely analyzes or admits it. Actors have (very rightly) organized an Equity Association to compel managers to fair play: and yet actors exist for the very purpose of having people be unfair to them. In short, to accept other people's ideas and emotions and pretend to make them their own, which is surely the unfairest thing that can happen to a person. The relation of actor and director is perfect theology. With godlike assurance the director dictates movement and tone and business; and once the scene is "set" no conscientious performer would dream of transgressing the carefully arranged pattern; yet even within that pattern, as in the routine of life itself, there still must remain room for individual improvisation. Upon the actor's divinely childlike quality of faith and acceptance the whole convention depends. Perhaps only by entering (no matter how clumsily) into the actor's own task can the student of these affairs begin to realize the essential problem: that of preserving the perfect naivété which is the artist's talisman. When he faces the footlights' mystic veil of fire he carries on his innocent shoulders the whole incredible weight of art. And this is the job that by the most fantastic misnomer in language they still call a "play."

* * *

There were certain kinds of evil magic, you remember, whose power could not cross running water. Perhaps that also is true of some sophistries and cynicisms of our present era. In a forgotten old playhouse across the Hudson even some of us who were trained to be skeptical found a reality to love and be thankful for. In that region of unimpaired simplicity, where even a dance-hall orchestra whoops with merriment as it crashes out its savage numbers, there is a sense of comedy worthy of the Tudors. It would need a Marlowe to tell the beauty of that queer old backstage cavern, its chequer of lights and shadows, the tense attitudes of those waiting for their cue. When is a human profile so appealing as just before it takes its cue? And imagine the excitement of a prentice performer who learned, in experiment with the art of make-up, that there is a grease-paint called *Juvenile Hero Flesh*. Alas that he will probably never be allowed to use it—

No wonder that the stock company, with all its innumerable anxieties and makeshifts, has been the nursery of so much that is finest in the theatre. It is the cradle of the incredible. By some miracle rehearsals actually take place, sets get built, what looked impossible suddenly falls into harmony, the show goes on. For a week or a fortnight, in the minds of that loyal and hilarious group, its fantastic pretences seem more real than the most urgent necessities of life. It is well to remember, a Stock Manager sometimes reminds himself, that the greatest Show of all only had six days' rehearsal.

* * *

I suppose that people born and reared in the theatre, or people in regions less Elizabethan than Hudson Street, Hoboken, would take the glamors of an antique playhouse more for granted and would be too tony to find beauty flourish in so mean a habit. Praise be that some of us shall never take things for granted nor lose the jocund faculty of amazement. Sometimes, for respite from incredulity, the Walrus steps with the Carpenter into the back alley where by rapping at a barred and shuttered window a glass of beer is handed out into the night. You stand in the dark alley, and with the natural upward homage of the beer-drinker find your gaze upon a speckled glimmer of stars. That dark blank wall alongside you houses the whole blazing mimicry of the play; behind it, in your mind's ken, you see the company at their stations, bless their hearts, and the alert stage manager in his corner "on the book," and that pallid face peering through the red curtains far at the back of the house, the director watching with the eye of God. The clothes-masts that decorate the rear of the theatre, where Hudson Street hangs out its clothes on wash-day, rise up against the sky, and far away down the street is the yammer of the last of the German gutter-bands. A deep rumble sounds from within and Walrus and Carpenter look cheerfully at each other. "They seem to be liking it," says the Walrus. "Yes," replies the Carpenter. "A real belly-laugh. That's what I like to hear."

* * *

Yes, it is too reckless to tell others—except the very understanding and well discretioned—of beauties you may have seen. Perhaps we do not love things because they are beautiful; they are beautiful because we love them. But there are always many, the true Victorias, ready to be Not Amused. So we have learned already, not to tell people that our old Rialto is beautiful but simply to say that we love her. Touched, even in our own tenure of her, by tragedy, she holds not only her own long store of irretrievable memories but ours as well. But to have found, in the most herd-minded of all great cities, one playground that cannot conceivably be spoiled by psittacine and sophist, is perhaps a modest gift to an anxious civilization. It is pleasant to remember that it is in the region of the once famous Elysian Fields. Perhaps that is a worthy ambition: to revive the Elysian Fields. . . . Elysian Weber and Fields.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"Bohun Lynch, whose untimely death at the age of forty-four is greatly regretted by a wide circle of friends, was one of those rare people who can do several unrelated things extremely well," says the *Manchester Guardian*. He wrote with distinction both novels and essays; he had a marked, if wayward, gift for caricature, and he was a first-class boxer. His first novel, 'Glamour,' appeared in 1912, and his last, 'Respectability,' only a year ago. In between he turned out several volumes on boxing, a history of caricature, and a whimsical study of his friend Max Beerbohm, the article on caricature in the 'Encyclopedia Britannica,' and a volume on the Italian Riviera, which he knew well. He was one of the shyest of men, and sometimes adopted devious methods of inviting the opinions of editors. One of them has recorded how Lynch, on visiting him one day, let fall—apparently accidentally—a portfolio which burst open and scattered drawings all over the floor. They attracted the editor's favorable attention, and he did not discover until years afterwards that Lynch had adopted this ruse because he had not the courage to ask for an opinion outright."

According to Sidney Lee there is no Shakespeare portrait that can be said with certainty to have been painted in his lifetime, and only two portraits are accepted as having been produced within a short time of his death. One is the half-length effigy in Stratford Church, and the other the engraving by Droeshut that is the frontispiece to the Folio of 1623. The "Ely House portrait," also at Stratford, belongs to near Shakespeare's time, and the National Gallery has the famous Chandos portrait supposed to have been painted by Burbage, a fellow-actor, which was at one time the property of Sir William Davenant, Shakespeare's reputed godson.

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Books of Special Interest

A Vivacious Interpreter

THE STAR SPANGLED MANNER. By BEVERLEY NICHOLS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS is a light and ephemeral book concerning certain Americans much in the public eye, written by a young Englishman now the editor of a smart New York periodical. Beverley Nichols is one of the clever and sophisticated Britons of a new generation who, in spite of his undeniable cleverness, rather than because of it, has established quite a reputation for rather precocious intelligence. We understand that he is a personable and polished young man with a keen interest in forming original opinions concerning notables of his own island and expressing them with witty frankness. In "The Star Spangled Manner" he has turned his flashlight on our own oh-so-romantic Richard Halliburton, the heroic "Lindy," Chicago's "Big Bill" Thompson, Henry Ford, Gloria Swanson, Anita Loos, Mr. Sumner the Vice Suppressor, Harlem, the Remus Trial, President Coolidge, Andrew Mellon, Otto Kahn, How We Live in New York, Palm Beach, American Women, Havana, Hollywood, Aimée Semple McPherson, and Charlie Chaplin. And we have found this sprightly, but incisive volume delightfully easy to rush through, refreshing in its sharply individual impressions.

There is nothing "smart-alecky" about this book. It is amused and amazed, but also deeply interested and sympathetic. It is full of high spirits and good temper and delight in the novelty of an American sojourn; but it is also shrewd in its criticisms. No one has written more tellingly concerning the spectacle presented by Aimée Semple McPherson. Even Coolidge comes to life for Mr. Nichols. The talks with Gloria Swanson and Anita Loos, particularly the former, are excellent atmospheric reporting. The "Big Bill" Thompson interview is most entertaining. Nichols's Harlem is an awfully good film. That is, Harlem's awfulness, in the true sense of the word, is vividly impressed upon one. It will take us quite a while to forget it. And we have seen Harlem.

Beverley Nichols writes swiftly, (at least the impression is of swiftness) impressionistically, sometimes carelessly,—but he has a natural gift for phrase, effervescence, epigrammatic statement which is not in the least mere froth and bubble. His observation, even when he is apparently trifling, gimlets right through preconceptions. This was exactly as he saw it—he may be wrong, but this was precisely as he saw it.

We began by saying that his book is light and ephemeral. It is. But it is artfully written and induces quite a bit of thought concerning our contemporary public characters. And while completely preserving the writer's own integrity of opinion, its manners are perfect. We greet the author as a most entertaining interpreter of ourselves to us. Perforce he as yet merely cuts arabesques on the surface of American life, but we hope he will give us more of these idiosyncratic impressions of our country. He is abnormally quick in feeling atmospheric conditions, in acclimatizing himself to star-spangled environments.

A Screen Star

AN AMERICAN COMEDY. Acted by HAROLD LLOYD. Directed by W. W. STOUT. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. $2.50.

OUR guess is that Mr. Stout, in this volume, did the actual assembling and writing down of biographical material furnished him by Mr. Lloyd in conversations. A "film star" of Mr. Lloyd's prominence and activity would not have time to square away at a typewriter for hours on hours. Harold Lloyd is one of the most popular moving-picture comedians of our day. He has created a type of character entirely his own, even as Chaplin's is entirely his. One of the most interesting passages in the book is the discussion of an earlier character built up by Mr. Lloyd, with the assistance of his father, an imitative "get-up" introducing an individual known as "Lonesome Luke." "The cunning thought behind all this (choice of clothes and accessories), you will observe was to reverse the Chaplin outfit. All his clothes were too large, mine too small. My shoes were funny, but different; my mustache funny, but different." Mr. Lloyd goes on to say that he painstakingly, however, avoided copying the well-known Chaplin mannerisms, and "cleaned up" the part until "it was self-respecting before it died, but I do not like to recall it and I am sorry that it is necessary to exhume it for this autopsy." In other words Harold Lloyd early evinced in a field at first new to him the desire to be entirely his own man and to produce a brand of comedy with his own trademark upon it. In this he has certainly succeeded. Back in the days of "Lonesome Luke" he was being called "The Human Rubber Ball" and as far as athletic activity before the screen and the ability to stand all sorts of punishment and do all sorts of agile things he might today be called the Douglas Fairbanks of Comedy. In his Pathé days the Pathé stars included Ruth Roland, Pearl White, Fania Marinoff, Jeanne Eagels, Florence Reed and Lillian Lorraine. Years later Miss Eagels made her great stage success in "Rain." Fania Marinoff and Florence Reed have long returned to the stage. But Mr. Lloyd, or Mr. Stout for him, adds this footnote. "The mortality rate in Hollywood is as high as it used to be in Panama in yellow-fever days." It was when Harold Lloyd conceived the idea of wearing lensless glasses and being the healthy, lively American youth without caricature appurtenances that his star began to rise and shine. But anyone who thinks it was all easy sledding after that may sit back and ponder the fact that Lloyd turned out a comedy a week for five years and usually worked "coolie's hours." The huge salaries of movie stars may seem miraculous, but the average individual would crack under the strain of the hard work they take in their stride along the rising road to fame. Lloyd finally became the most widely circulated movie comedian, and his seventy-five cent "horn rims" were his rabbit's foot. Perhaps. But anyone can wear horn rims. They have. It was the innate ability of the man, in acting and ideas, that made his horn rims such an asset.

⁂

The accident which, with a supposed property bomb, occurred to Lloyd at the age of twenty-six, upon the threshold of his graduation into "big money" in the films, is graphically told. He saw then as he says, "a career blow up in his face," and with characteristic courage he determined upon a future of directing. However, his wounds healed, financial offers rose, he went on upon the screen. The later chapter of the book with their description of his company's method of making a picture, with their anecdotes concerning certain specific pictures, with their evidence of shrewd kindly judgment, are quite absorbing.

All in all, "An American Comedy" is an excellent, true picture of the movies from the point of view of a cool-headed, hard-working, soundly grounded comedy star. Valuable facts emerge, and there is no bunk about it.

AN AVATAR IN VISHNU LAND. By STANLEY WARBURTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. $3.

MR. WARBURTON's book would be charming if it were written in better style. It is a veritable gold mine of material, but the manner of exhibition is irritating in its lack of method. Pictures that are striking in their richness of color, stand out here and there. The author excels in characterization but has allowed himself to fall into a certain looseness of construction which makes his book hard reading. It is a book of travel; yet it is not. The thread of story running through it has seemed to take hold of the author, to the detriment of his relation of his adventures. Of the value of the volume as a book of reference there is no question. Maps, illustrations, descriptions all bear the stamp of careful research. But one is forced to say that there is an air of Arabian mystery over the whole that takes from its value as a tale of exploration.

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Georges Duhamel

By WALDO FRANK

GEORGES DUHAMEL, one of the most influential and one of the best, of contemporary French novelists, is now making a first visit to this country. Although he has a European reputation, which reaches its climax possibly in Russia where his vogue is very great, Duhamel is not as widely known as yet in America as the character of his work would seem to warrant. A brief descriptive note may therefore not be amiss, by way of introducing him to those potential readers who do not know him in French or in translation.

Like Luc Durtain, who is his friend and who preceded him in a visit to the United States, Duhamel is a physician. Like both Durtain and Jules Romains, he is a poet with a scientific training. Like them both, he writes under a *nom-de-plume*, his proper name being Georges Thévenin. And like his brother-in-law, the poet Charles Vildrac, whose plays have been produced in New York, he has been erroneously classed, under Romains, as a *unanimiste*. The reason for this is not far to seek. Some score of years ago, Duhamel and Vildrac turned their country home into a sort of literary retreat, known as l'Abbaye. One of the first guests of their literary hospice was Jules Romains. Romains's volume of verse, "La Vie Unanime" and his esthetic manifesto, "Manuel de Déification," caused a light to shine upon l'Abbaye—a light so intense, that it blinded critical distinction to the deep differences between the friends gathered beneath one roof. Even Duhamel's personal statement: "As for myself. I admit that I seek retirement and that I have gained from the unanimist adventures chiefly distrust, regret, disgust" has not prevented the literary historians, even to this day, from classing him as a disciple (often as the leading disciple) of Romains.

The truth is, that Duhamel has little esthetic connection with this school. He is an individualist, a gleaner of material from personal rather than from group psychology. Collaterally, in view of the influence upon him of Rousseau and Dostoievky, he may be said to be distantly related to André Gide. But he stands quite alone. He is certainly not a member of any current literary school; and so far as I know, he has few outstanding disciples.

Like the rest of the young Abbaye group, he began as a poet. He wrote poetic drama (like most of them as well): and such works as "Dans l'Ombre des Statues," "L'Oeuvre des Athlètes" gave him an early reputation. It was not, however, until the close of the War that he struck his stride. "La Vie des Martyrs" and "Civilization" made him famous. In 1919, he won the Prix Goncourt. The novels which followed: "Confession de Minuit," "La Possession du Monde," "Les Hommes Abandonnés," "Deux Hommes," etc. introduced a new eloquent, richly colored voice into the populous symphony of France.

Duhamel had served in the War as an army surgeon. The two works which gave him a large following are the outcome of his experiences in the trench hospitals. The transposition from a study of the wounded in "La Vie des Martyres" to the study of the humble civilians of France in his later novels, is virtually no change at all; since his thesis is that these latter, no less, are victims. The early books strike an individual complex note which he has sustained, a rare combination of scientific scrutiny and mysticism, of pity and sober revolt, of brightly acute realism and a dark poetic glamor. Then, Duhamel returned to the theater. Jacques Copeau's Théatre du Vieux Colombier and Pitoëff's troupe produced several of his plays—notably "La Journée des Aveux." And still more recently, his message has become more personal and direct. He has addressed the younger, war-bewildered generation in a series of open letters, in which he essays to guide them between the Scylla of Dada and the Charybdis of such organized movements as Neo-Thomaism and Bolshevism. And he has published accounts of his travels—to Tunis, Holland, Russia, which are deeply pointed homilies for French cultural consumption. Doubtless, his present voyage to the United States will add another chapter to his purpose of bringing the experience of the contemporary world home to the youth of Frence.

In one of his War books, Duhamel writes: "*La civilisation—si elle n'est pas dans le coeur de l'homme, eh bien! elle n'est nulle part.*" In "Confession de Minuit" he created his most celebrated and crucial character, Salavin: a man who is a fictional response to this statement and who may serve as the simplest threshold to Duhamel's ideas. For Salavin (who recurs in other books) is a humble, an archetypical, although hyperesthetic Parisian; and he is revealed as not civilized at all. He is, in fact, the man of Rousseau: the natural man, lost in, and at odds with our unnatural world—the man whose pitiful efforts to live and feel are thwarted by the illusory, external chaos known as modern culture.

The kinship of Salavin with the heroes of Dostoievsky has been exaggerated. The Russian's leading characters are steeped, for the most part, in a veritable Christian civilization: their agony derives from the fact that the world they live in is not truly Christian. But Duhamel's favorite hero is not a Christian, he is a spiritual barbarian sufficiently pure to have been able to dissent from the modern world about him. He is a man, lost, struggling, moving in an almost automatic frenzy of search through the intricate stratified death of modern institutions.

Not only is this creation (whose source, as I have said, is possibly in Rousseau and whose ideology relates Duhamel with such differently tempered writers as Gide and Rolland) an authentic contribution: the author has created him in a *milieu* which is original as well. Duhamel's Paris is remarkably glamorous and plastic. I know of no novelist of our day who has established the intricate life of the great city at once so objectively and so lyrically. The town's streets, its restaurants, its homes, its anonymous traffic exist, coördinately, as a factual world and as the mood of the character who lives in them. There is in Duhamel a seemingly perfect fusion of scientist and artist, of singer and of modeller in plastic forms. One can analyze readily in his text the profound student of individual psychology of social ethics, the wielder of a microscope, and the prophet of an evangel. But this analysis must be deliberate. For in the best pages of Duhamel, all these parts merge in a formal synthesis. The focus of close scrutiny is adumbrated, imperceptibly, into a lyric sweep: scientist, realist, poet, and visionary make a unitary word.

That word, finally, is moral. At heart, Duhamel is most essentially related, not to the tradition of Rousseau but to an older, purer one: to the tradition whose master was also a man of science—Pascal. Unlike the prevalent moods of literary Paris, Duhamel is neither hopeless nor dogmatically hopeful. He is a serious, often humorless, almost a too solemn writer. The intellectual escape of Valéry, the violent romantcism of the *surréalistes*, the escapes of the neo-Catholics or of the cynical, are all strange to him. He believes in a more humble, wholly personal recreation. But his convictions, in his best books, become works of warm plastic art.

The theme of Duhamel—the "lostness," the vital barbarism, the unformed promise of the modern man in an external civilization *which is not real*,—is surely a theme to recommend him to the American public. For it is a theme very close to our experience. That is why I should not be surprised if Duhamel found increasing favor in our country.

Foreign Notes

A BOOK which students of Goethe will find of interest is shortly to appear from the press of Quelle & Meyer at Leipzig. It is a biography, by Rudolf Glaser, of the poet's father to which his diary is printed as an appendix. Readers of "Dichtung und Wahrheit" will remember Goethe's references to this journal and to the pains which his father expended upon it.

President Masaryk's Memoirs are shortly to be supplemented by a volume of "Talks with T. G. Masaryk" by Karel Capek. Capek is one of the intimate circle surrounding the President, and in the book he is finishing he presents verbatim conversations with him which set forth his views on life and history as well as recount certain of his experiences.

The recent publication in English of a novel by Alfred Neumann has familiarized his name to the American public. In Germany he is exceedingly popular. A new novel has just been issued there (Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt) the scene of which is laid in Tuscany. The story, which is entitled "Guerra," is the tale of a revolutionary leader's rise and fall.

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Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 47. Three special Christmas prizes—a First of twenty dollars, a Second of ten dollars, and a Third of five dollars—are offered for the best three Ballads of Christmas mailed to reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of December 3. Entries should not contain more than forty-eight lines. A Ballad of Christmas need not necessarily be either a carol, a hymn, or a familiar story or legend, and it need not be about the Nativity. Such ballads, however, will be as acceptable as any others.

Competition No. 48. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best version of "La Belle Dame sans Merci" as it might have been written by Alexander Pope. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of December 17.)

NOTE. The report on Competition No. 44—(Senator's Patter Song)—was incompletely printed here on November 10. Thus the names of several competitors whose entries were highly commended received no mention. Claudius Jones very nearly split the prize with the winner. Dalnar Devening, Carroll Carroll, Tom Henry, Helen A. Monsell, and Senex were all specially commended. Some of these entries will, if possible, be printed in a future issue.

THE FORTY-FIFTH COMPETITION

IN Act II, Scene 1, of the "Winter's Tale" Leontes interrupts a tale which Mamillius is about to tell. The prize of fifteen dollars offered for the best Shakespearean interpolation completing the tale in not more than forty lines of blank verse has been divided equally between Arthur M. Sampley and Deborah C. Jones.

Limitations of space make it impossible to print more than one of the prize-winning entries in this issue. The other will appear at a later date.

THE PRIZE ENTRIES

Mamillius. *There was a man—*
Hermione. *Nay, come, sit down; then on.*
Mamillius. *Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly;*
Yond crickets shall not hear it.
Hermione. *Come on, then,*
And give't me in mine ear.

This was the obvious point where the interpolation had to begin. One of the winning entries follows.

I.

There was a man
Dwelt by a churchyard. In the furtive night
He us'd to stand i' the light o' the wavering moon
And wail his late-lorn bride. Hard by she lay
Moldering in new-digg'd earth, while cold night-frost
Sat glimmering on her gravestone. Long he cried
With dismal clamor till his lamentation
Drew from their lurking coigns the gnomes and elves
Who sleep in cobwebs of the rotten tombs
Lull'd by dank breezes and who ride the bats
On nightly forays when the death-bird shrieks
And Pestilence stalks howling through the dark.
Awak'd from vision'd nightmares, all the crew
Listen the mournful wailings, while their spirits
Nurture unearthly laughter. "Quick," they cried;
"Induce his bride's dead cerements with new life,
And on the pallid scutcheon of her cheek
Paint the bright badge of color; warm her bosom
With the sheer fires of love. Now straightway lead her
Before his mazed eyes."—On the gad, 'twas done.
The upstarted ghost, pal'd in with goblin wings,
Appear'd before her lover while his sighs
Bulg'd in his breast. With her mere sight transfix'd
He stood in dumb amazement. Then he ask'd
Softly, "Is't thou, my love? Oh, my keen cries
Have cut the heavy adamant impinging
Upon death's musty vent and brought thy spirit
Into these arms." "Nay, touch me not!" she cried,
And fled to the churchyard; lightly he ran after.
Then shriek'd the goblins and the gibbering dead
Ran wailing through the night. At the mouth o' the grave
He caught and clasp'd her. All about the elves
Played out wild bridal music and the dead
Sang hymeneal hymns. But whilst he held her,
The heavens were split with thunder and the earth
Grew sulphurous and murk; the ghosts fled shrieking.
But when the air was clear'd, the goblins danc'd
A wedding turn above the lady's grave.

ARTHUR M. SAMPLEY.

None of the week's tales seemed to me to fit into the context of "The Winter's Tale." Several competitors submitted excellent Shakespearean imitations, notably Homer Parsons, Franklyn M. Doughty, S. B. Coale (who borrowed his narrative from Mr. de la Mare's romance "The Return"), Claudius Jones, and Marshall M. Brice. But Mr. Parsons and Mr. Doughty both used Mamillius's churchyard story to serve some ulterior purpose in elaboration of the conflict between Leontes and Hermione. Their excellent ingenuity seemed to me misplaced. Others when they did not utterly believe Shakespeare forgot the character of the narrator, forgot that he is a boy telling a casual tale of goblin, to his mother. David Heathstone was only one of several who made Mamillius a kind of Edgar Allan Poe. Hermione's "Come and do your best to fright me with your sprites; you're powerful at it" justifies a spooky tale, but not a banquet of horrors. Several competitors plunged into a full-throated rhetoric such as Shakespeare even in the early days of his authorship would never have put into the mouth of a child. In fact nobody really fulfilled all the conditions implied by the context. There was no tale of churchyard sprites at once sad, eerie, couched in a language simple enough to suggest Mamillius as the narrator, and, withal, Shakespearean in tone. Even the prize-winners fall short. Miss Jones does not achieve any close approximation to Shakespearean phrasing, her language though simple lacks a sharp edge save for the "pitiful poor screeling"; moreover her tale is not really a sad one. Mr. Sampley employs the manner that suggests the early historical plays which is considerably removed from that of "The Winter's Tale." Yet, on the whole, with all their shortcomings, the winning entries seem to answer more requirements than the others. I make the double award rather doubtfully, realising that several entries which fail to impress me as interpolations are nevertheless superior as imitations of Shakespeare's more or less prevailing idiom. The truth is that although the general quality of the entries was quite high, nobody really deserved the prize. In the circumstances any award must be a trifle arbitrary.

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MR. KEATS, a young man with long hair and a musical mind, wrote a piece once about an urn from Greece. One line in it will perhaps last forever. Speaking of love and other things, he refers to them as "forever warm and still to be enjoy'd." Mr. Bain, a professional gentleman, with a clear mind wrote a book concerning the Emotions and Will, in which he said that the emotion of pursuit was the greatest thing in all life. Mr. Stevenson, of Scotland, an invalid with a singing heart, wrote a piece in which he said, "It is better to travel hopefully than to arrive."

All of these mean the same thing.

Barring morons, we are all trying to accomplish something; and when that thing is accomplished we become unhappy unless we can repeat it or go after something else—a meal, a show, a girl, a business, a game, a book. This is the open season for birds and for books. They, too, are what Messrs. Keats, Bain and Stevenson referred to. If they are what is called good books, they are forever warm and still to be enjoyed. They invariably contain from beginning to end a pursuit, and no one will deny that it is better to be reading them than to have finished them.

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Pennagan Place is a novel by *Eleanor Chase* which you will regretfully finish. That terrible old man, Giles Pennagan, at 75, is younger than all his children and grand-children; and no one will deny that he has a 100% emotion of pursuit. *A Maid and a Million Men* by *James G. Dunton* is all pursuit; and the girl is full of the spirit of youth. By chance she finds herself in the Army impersonating her twin brother as a doughboy. All through this delightfully naughty book, she has the most amusing experiences. You are a little regretful when the book has to end, in spite of the fact that she pulls through safely. You enjoy travelling with her and her million men. *The Hell-Roarin' Forty-Niners* is a series of graphic pictures, drawn by *Robert Welles Ritchie,* of that amazing emotion of pursuit which led men, adventurous and otherwise, and women, scarlet and otherwise, not to mention the world generally, to rush to California in the search of gold. What a picturesque human thing it was! There will be nothing like it again in our day.

The Cobra Candlestick by *Elsa Barker* is the pursuit of a detective for criminals—so typical of Mr. Bain's theories that once started you cannot leave it. It is the November selection of the Detective Story Book of the Month Club, chosen from all current detective tales. *Tracking Down the Enemies of Man* is typical of the writing of these three men referred to. *Dr. Arthur Torrance,* the author, a tropical disease research explorer, having finished all these adventures in Africa, India, Siam, Cambodia and hastily read his proofs is off again in search for more deadly flies, mosquitoes and buzzing enemies of man in his splendid pursuit of the great plagues that infest the earth.

The Romance of an Art Career! What a pursuit forever warm and still to be enjoyed. *Joseph Cummings Chase,* the author and well known portrait painter and lecturer on art almost repeats Stevenson in showing how much more interesting the actual painting is than the completed result. You no sooner finish than you begin again, hoping always to improve. And he shows how it can be done. *Samson* is a novel by *Robert Collyer Washburn,* again of pursuit. Samson, trying to reform the world and chasing Rachel, Delilah and the others. Change the names and date it today and you have our own pursuits and travels mirrored with humor and satire. There are many others; but these have been carefully selected. *Move Over* by *E. Pettit* and *Ladies in Hades* by *Frederic Arnold Kummer* are still the causes of pursuit on the part of the public—more editions, more readers. It is better to print more editions than to arrive at the last one. *Man's Grim Justice* is the autobiographical story of a strange life. In this case the pursuit was that of the criminal for pocket picking and safe cracking. But prison life was not good enough for *Jack Callahan,* the author, and he started running straight on another and better journey upon which he is still travelling.

We in this day and country are rushing along on a amazing journey fascinated with the end in view, getting all we can out of it day by day—idealism and progress—hearts in heaven and feet on the earth. That is the essence of these books and all others that are as well considered and as well done.

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114 East 32nd Street, New York

Points of View

Editions of "Typee"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

May I use your columns to add a minor item to the bibliography of Herman Melville? I am not, heaven knows, a bibliographer, nor even a close student of Melville, but I have recently had occasion to examine various editions of "Typee" and so am able to supply one of the corrections for which Mr. Meade Minnegerode, the official bibliographer, asks in his "Some Personal Letters of Herman Melville; and a Bibliography." My examination was made in response to the request of Mr. Robert S. Forsythe that I look at the various Melville firsts in Harvard College Library. Mr. Forsythe, who is Professor of English at the University of North Dakota, is an authority on Melville and is at present editing a new edition of "Typee." He agrees with the conclusions I asked permission to publish here.

According to Mr. Minnegerode, "Typee" was published simultaneously, in 1846, by John Murray in London and Wiley and Putnam in New York. Mr. Minnegerode asserts that the first English and the first American editions were identical. According to Mr. Minnegerode, also, the "Sequel, containing 'The Story of Toby,' was written in July 1846, and incorporated in the Revised Edition published in the same year. Extracts from the Sequel were also published prior to appearance in book form." According to Mr. Minnegerode, furthermore, the abridgments made in the text, consisting of the suppression of Chapter III and of several passages reflecting on Christian missionaries in the Marquesas, and the modification of several passages of a mildly sexual tinge, were not made at all until the appearance of the Revised Edition, late in 1846.

Now, the scarcity of Melville first editions which makes Mr. Minnegerode uncertain, also makes it very difficult to check him. The Harvard College Library has no copy of the English first edition, but it has two copies of the American first edition which differ from Mr. Minnegerode's collation of that edition and also from each other. If Mr. Minnegerode's description is based upon the actual examination of a copy of the first American edition, then that edition must have appeared in at least three different issues. I suspect, however, that Mr. Minnegerode merely examined the title pages of the English and American first editions, assumed that they were identical throughout, and throughly collated the English edition, being satisfied that the collation would apply equally to the American edition. That notion, however, is speculative only, and, since I have no access to a copy of the first English edition, must await word from Mr. Minnegerode.

One copy of the first American edition in Harvard College Library, the earlier copy, agrees with Mr. Minnegerode's collation of the preliminary matter, title-page, and [Table of] Contents. An examination of the text, however, reveals the fact that in three places passages listed by Minnegerode as present in the first edition but deleted in the Revised Edition do not appear; that in three places, passages not listed as being deleted in the Revised Edition are present in this issue of the American first edition and deleted from the Revised Edition; and that in one place there is a passage nearly five pages long, omitted from the Revised Edition, and described by Mr. Minnegerode as ending in the first edition nearly five pages before, in this issue, it does end.

I do not offer here a detailed collation of this edition. If any student of Melville is interested, however, and will write to me, I will be glad to send him a carbon copy of my complete collation.

The other issue of the first American edition is much more interesting. I have found no mention of it in any literature relating to Melville. A collation reveals that its preliminary matter is identical with that of the first issue (as just described), except that the preliminary half-title with a list of Wiley and Putnam books on the reverse is missing. The [Table of] Contents and the chapter headings check throughout with those of the first issue. Textually, there are several minor differences between it and both the English first edition (if Mr. Minnegerode's collation is of that edition) and the first American issue. Briefly, these differences are a bowdlerization that put it about halfway between the original edition and the Revised Edition. It retains Chapter III, however, and so must unquestionably be called a first edition. But it omits the "Appendix," an omission hitherto supposed to have been made only with the Revised Edition, and, what is still more important it publishes the Sequel, "The Story of Toby," hitherto supposed not to have appeared in book form until the Revised Edition. I have found no one at the Harvard library who is familiar with this issue, but someone must have been at some time, for the general card-catalogue lists it, correctly as "a variant of the first edition." I shall be glad to supply any interested student of Melville with a complete collation of this book.

The "variant," I believe, represents an issue composed of sheets not already bound up in the first issue, changed hurriedly to dilute the passages that had provoked criticism, and issued with the Sequel in place of the highly objectionable Appendix. If that is true, then the "variant" was an attempt by Wiley and Putnam to protect their original investment while hastening the preparation of the Revised Edition. In this opinion, Professor Forsythe concurs.

Except for bibliographical purposes, the interest of this minor correction is extremely minute. I think, however, that in the hands of a competent student of Melville it might be made to reveal rather interesting material. Did Melville supply Wiley and Putnam with a fair-copy manuscript differing in some respects from that accepted by Murray, or was the American edition of "Typee," imported from England in sheets? In the latter case, were these changes made arbitrarily by Wiley and Putnam, or did Melville himself make them? In any event, what does the progressive bowdlerization of the book suggest about differences between American and English standards of frankness? Does the "variant of the first edition," together with the modifications in its American predecessor explain why the outcry against Melville's treatment of the missionaries was louder in England than in America?

I am not competent to express any opinion in these matters. I refer students of Melville to Professor Forsythe, at Grand Forks, North Dakota. I will, however, answer any questions relating to the collation of the two books I have described. But inasmuch as my time is adequately occupied with the preparation of my own books, I must refuse to answer merely idle or frivolous questions.

BERNARD DE VOTO
64 Oxford Street, Cambridge, Mass.

A Protest

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

As a lover of modern verse who has long depended on your *Review*, among others, for notices of what is being published in that line, I wish to offer a protest against a review of Elizabeth Hollister Frost's volume of poems, "The Lost Lyrist," appearing in your issue of October 6th. I regret that it was called to my attention so late.

Irrelevantly enough, a third of this brief notice is taken up with objections to the matter printed by the publisher on the paper jacket, and with the following comment on Mrs. Frost's having prefaced her volume by a poem of Robert Frost's: "Unfortunately for the author, the best poem in this rather pretentious volume is 'Nothing Gold Can Stay'—and this is quoted intact from Robert Frost, to whom Mrs. Elizabeth Hollister Frost is neither a blood nor a literary relation." Since there is nothing unusual in a poet, with due permission, prefacing his volume with the verse of a fellow-poet, this is not literary criticism at all, but gratuitous insult.

And is it fair to call a volume "pretentious" solely on the score of claims made by its publishers in advertisement? For one looks in vain for any sign of pretentiousness in the book itself. I had thought that every experienced reader passed rather lightly over paper jacket claims, in favor of reading what the author has to say for himself.

Whether this exquisite lyric gift is so derivative as your reviewer thinks, may be left to the feeling of individual readers, who may possibly disagree, but there can hardly be two opinions as to the poignant sincerity of these poems, a sincerity which makes the comment, "her heart-strings are tuned not so much to agony as to agonizing," seem utterly undiscerning and unfair.

In view of the prompt recognition which certain of these poems have met with in England as well as in this country, it seems unfortunate for *The Saturday Review of Literature* to go on record with a review in just this tone.

L. G. WEEKS.
West Medford, Mass.

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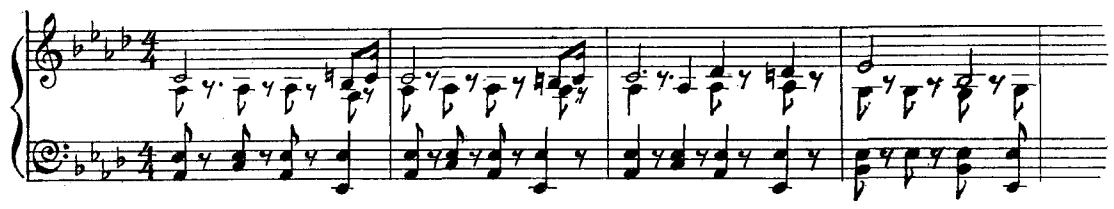
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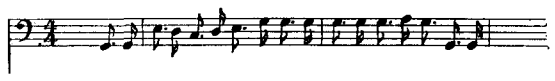
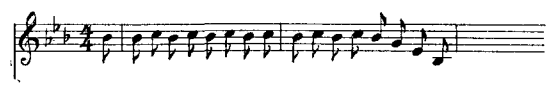

When the foeman bares his steel
Tarantara! Tarantara!
We uncomfortable feel,
Tarantara!
And we find the wisest thing,
Tarantara! Tarantara!
Is to slap our chests and sing,
Tarantara!

We insist on knowing why Gilbert felt the lash of Mrs. Grundy's tongue, why Sullivan was branded as vulgar and blasphemous. . . How low buffoonery soared to majestic heights through the magic interlude of the Bab Ballads. . . How the era of crinolines and bustles—when gushing tears constituted sex appeal—accepted the mad impetuosities and courtly parodies of Gilbert and Sullivan. . . Just how far they went in chiding the Army and Navy. . . Why the dandies of the Early Eighties, especially Oscar Wilde, provoked the theme of *Patience*. . . How Sullivan in the deepest despair of mourning wrote the incomparably luscious score of *Iolanthe*, receiving news of financial disaster just as he was raising the baton for the opening night. . . How Oscar Wilde was avenged when *The Mikado* was produced. . . The inspiration of *Ruddigore* and *Princess Ida* must be disclosed to us. . . Why Gilbert and Sullivan themselves regarded *The Yeomen of the Guard* as their favorite work. . . How the twins were re-united for *The Gondoliers*, their swan song. . . How a dispute over a threadbare carpet imperiled the union, which was finally split asunder by a deeper strife. . . Why the true story of Gilbert's gallantries and Sullivan's Dark Lady of the Sonnets was never told before . . . and the relation of both to their timeless masterpieces. . .

I am the very pattern of a modern major-gineral.
I've information vegetable, animal and mineral;
I know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical
From Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;
I'm very well acquainted too with matters mathematical;
I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical,
About binominal theorem I'm teeming with a lot of news—
(BOTHERED FOR NEXT RHYME) *Lot o'news—lot o'news—*
(STRUCK WITH AN IDEA)
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypothenuse.

FOUR OF OUR PEERS OF HIGHEST STATION, PERHAPS THE FOUR MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SAVOYARDS OF OUR TIME, WINTHROP AMES,** De WOLF HOPPER,*** BENJAMIN DE CASSERES**** and GEORGE JEAN NATHAN,***** inform us that the most satisfactory, most rollicking, most irresistibly enjoyable answer to all these questions, beyond any possible shadow of doubt, beyond any possible doubt whatever, is given in the new book just published by those incurable pirates and gondoliers, Messrs. Simon and Schuster [at all book-stores, lavishly illustrated, $6.00] under the title of

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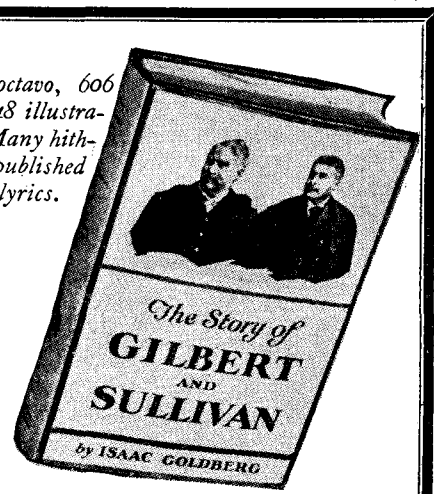

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

MODERN FRENCH PAINTERS. By *Maurice Raynal*. Brentanos. $7.50.

OLD SEA PAINTINGS. By *E. Keble Chatterton*. Dodd, Mead. $15.

Belles Lettres

FICTION FANTASY OF GERMAN ROMANCE. Edited by *Frederick E. Pierce* and *Carl F. Schreiber*. Oxford University Press.

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE LOVE AFFAIR. *By a gentlewoman*. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

PARIS SALONS, CAFES, STUDIOS. By *Sisley Huddleston*. Lippincott. $5.

A TREASURY OF ENGLISH APHORISMS. By *Logan Pearsall Smith*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

ARTICLES DE PARIS. By *Sisley Huddleston*. Macmillan. $2.

A STUDY OF THE MODERN NOVEL. By *Annie Russell Marble*. Appleton. $3.50.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FICTION. By *Grant Overton*. Appleton. $3.

OFF THE DEEP END. By *Christopher Morley*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

DEMOCRACY ON TRIAL. By *F. A. W. Gisborne*. Longmans, Green. $4.20.

A CATHOLIC LOOKS AT LIFE. By *James J. Walsh*. Stratford. $2.50.

COLLECTED ESSAYS OF ROBERT BRIDGES. Oxford University Press. $1.

MEMORANDUM ON RESIGNATION. By *John Viscount Morley*. Macmillan.

A PREFACE TO SHAKESPEARE. By *George H. Conling*. Dutton. $2.

ENGLISH AS EXPERIENCE. By *Henry C. Tracy*. Dutton. $2.50.

THE GLORY THAT WAS GRUB STREET. By *St. John Adcock*. Stokes. $2.50.

THE REINTERPRETATION OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Edited by *Norman Foerster*. Harcourt, Brace.

THE BOOK OF RABELAIS. By *Jake Falstaff*. Doubleday, Doran.

QUEER BOOKS. By *Edmund Pearson*. Doubleday, Doran. $3.

Biography

ROVING YEARS. By SIDNEY WALTER POWELL. Day. 1928. $2.50.

The sub-title of this entertaining book is "The Adventures of a Wanderer," and certainly the author has wandered and adventured beyond the common. Whether in Africa, New Zealand, or Tahiti his life has always been full of excitement and zest, and he tells his strange story with a great deal of enjoyment. He is the born rolling stone, the man who invariably falls on his feet, and who invariably moves on to see new sights and taste new sensations.

Mr. Powell is, indeed, an interesting example of an interesting type. The "Legion that never was 'listed" would gladly welcome him and he belongs to that inconsequent, but courageous, band of pioneers upon whose shoulders the work of opening up the world has so largely rested. And he writes well, with modesty and humor. "Roving Years" is, in truth, a book to read: it is, as one might say, a sprightly autobiography of successful failure.

Fiction

HERITAGE. By ROSE C. FELD. Knopf. 1928. $2.50.

Here is a stout novel that drives home with vigor the dreariness of life on a farm where poverty and hardness of soul dominate a family through generation after generation. Miss Feld chose New England for her background, but "Heritage" might have been set against any countryside where sordid, driving labor kills the amenities and the fundamental joys of life. In the course of the novel, two characters struggle towards the dimly perceived light of freedom; the relentless succession of demanding tasks combined with the agony of warped human relationship soon beat them back, however, into dull submission. The novel is deeply tragic, inevitably depressing. But there is no impression of exaggeration or false emphasis. Miss Feld tells her story with artistic integrity; her characters plod with purposeless, soulless steps to their hard deaths, and as they go we pity profoundly. This is a first novel of grim power.

(*Continued on page* 410)

"SHIP ME *somewhere East of* SUEZ . . ."

WHAT exhilaration can match the infinitely thrilling unpredictability of DEPARTURE? . . . . In the mists of Marseilles I board a liner for Cochin-China . . . . The lure of the Orient fills the decks like an overtone: here is a floating universe all its own. Cliques form, parents parade eligible daughters, gentleman buccaneers whisper sinister secrets, intrigues and love affairs begin . . . . Only in DEPARTURE is there freedom . . . . the freedom of languorous dream, strange people and exotic climes . . . . Names alone evoke mirages: Port Said, Djibouti, Colombo, Penang, Singapore, Saigon . . . . From the second cabin come the handsome tenor and exquisite soprano of an operatic troupe headed for Shanghai.

A THREAD of terror and mystery darts through the ship as gossip becomes conspiracy, and rumor drama . . . . The wireless crackles with threats and mutterings . . . . Blood heat and seductive calm . . . . The lightning wit of the ship's doctor illuminates the truth against a background of eastern illusion . . . . What excitement can touch these high moments of DEPARTURE? . . . . Creole nights, incredible nights, nights that never die . . . . Weeks on board and days on shore . . . . The harems of all the world, Odalisques, Sultanas, Fatimas, incomparable Arabian debauchees arrayed in demoniac visions . . . . Mosques and tambourines . . . .

SUEZ appears at last, a thin stiletto strip of land thrust between scarlet sea and deceitful sky . . . . Coral cliffs and lilac mountain-tops . . . . Abyssinian Amazons trampling in ritualistic frenzy . . . . not naked women but animals unadorned, exulting to music from *L'Africaine* . . . . Sunsets of emerald, carnival splendor on shipboard, as the skeins of counter-plot close in on Manon and Werther, lover and beloved . . . . Black sails near Ceylon, earthly Paradise, a city emerging from purple shadows like a sapphire-laden ballet . . . . The relentless tread of doom . . . . Climax . . . . Escape . . . . Journey's End, but always, inevitably, the ecstasy of a new DEPARTURE. ~ ~ ~

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—MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE

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"*Fascinating picture of very real people.*"
—CINCINNATI TIMES-STAR

"*Poignant and dramatic tale.*"
—HARTFORD COURANT

"*The way it was with the Doogans is the way it is, somehow or another, with us all.*"—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

"*Intensely human and mightily romantic.*"
—DETROIT NEWS

"One of the outstanding books of the season, because it is a living, breathing human document, told with the simplicity of the master craftsman and the imaginative sincerity of the artist. Read this book by all means, including Robert Lynd's introduction. It is a pleasure to note that in one instance a jacket cover's paeons of praise are not exaggerated."
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"It is simple drama—the people are human folk living in a wild, barren land, buoyed up in their unequal fight against starvation by a matter-of-fact acceptance of life and a proud realization of their strength."
—N. Y. Herald Tribune

"Comes like a glad, sweet song. Chronicle of toil and poverty and sorrow, something sustains it, some hidden refrain of faith or sentiment, and it ends on a clear major chord. Its charm lies in the simplicity, directness and unabashed faith in human nature."
—N. Y. Sun

"A simple, beautiful narrative. Seems to encompass the gamut of all life. The jacket blurb, in evoking *Growth of the Soil* and *My Antonia* for purposes of comparison, does not take great names in vain. . . Quiet brilliance and power."
—N. Y. Times

"The story is a mixture of lights and shadows. Full of sympathy and understanding. It is a folk tale in the truest sense and its characters are flesh-and-blood personages. Ancient Celtic mysticism shines through the simplicity of its people." *—Philadelphia Ledger*

"Here is a writer with sharp eyes and ears, courageous truthfulness, and the very roots of writing in him. He tells of *the way it is* with the little group of families, the handful of men, women and children, to whom 'home' means a rocky islet amid the unrelenting waters of the Atlantic somewhere off the coast of Donegal. The report is in language simple, spare, actually stark. He makes us believe in these people, and love them."
—Saturday Review of Literature

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 408)

WILD HORSE MESA. By ZANE GREY. Harpers. 1928. $2.

There is no need to describe in much detail a trade-marked article so widely popular as a Zane Grey novel. In this one there are the usual evil men with power to dominate women (though the women get the breaks and thus escape the ultimate infamy); the same high-minded men who reverence good pure woman, and are immensely annoyed at the discovery that even good women are people, until it happens to the right woman on the last page; and the same women of noble soul and active emotions, to whom love comes as hurricanes come to Florida. In an age when listless women predominate, in fiction if not in fact, Mr. Grey's heroines with their tidal waves of passion are at any rate a pleasing variant.

There is also some gun play, though not so much as in the earlier books; and a good deal about the business of catching wild horses, in which Mr. Grey's humanitarianism is pleasantly in evidence. And finally there is the quality which probably accounts more than anything else for his immense sales—his ability to dramatize landscape, and to convey to dwellers in cities and in the small towns of the flatlands his own love for the painted mountains, and his sense of the latent romance that we all feel in the Rockies even when we see them only from the Pullman window. Doubtless if most of us went over the mountain, like the bear renowned in ballad, we should see nothing but the other side of the mountain; but we feel more hopeful about it as we read Mr. Grey.

AT THE SOUTH GATE. By GRACE S. RICHMOND. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

It is over twenty years since "The Indifference of Juliet" introduced Grace S. Richmond to a delighted circle of readers; it is almost twenty years since the first of her Red Pepper Burns series further delighted the same large circle. Since then a novel by Mrs. Richmond has become a practically assured annual event, and these novels have been marked by almost the same qualities throughout. They are always about nice people concerned with getting more from life than the graceless daily bread and endowed with the power of very jolly talking and letter writing. They move along the surface of life, and their troubles—they all have troubles—are the kind that a stout heart and a willing hand can vanquish.

In "At the South Gate" a young couple—the husband a not-yet-successful author and the wife the usual capable, vivacious, and charming Richmond heroine—are forced by circumstances to accept the temporary hospitality of old schoolmates, wealthy, dissipated, and rather crass, who have a lodge conveniently empty at the South Gate of their luxurious estate. During the stay of the South Gaters, the latter are able to save their hosts from drugs and drink, and bring together a beautifully compatible young couple who succeed in keeping from themselves what the author never for a moment keeps from the reader: the fact that only their wedding will make possible any ending for the novel.

PHOINIX. By ALAN SIMS. Little, Brown. 1928. $2.50.

In "Phoinix" Alan Sims has written an admirable but probably unfortunate book. It seems destined for that unenviable spot between the proverbial two stools. The erudition and scholarship which have undoubtedly gone into this romance of the Trojan War are likely to fail of a proper audience because those qualified to enjoy them will be repelled by the modernistic satire of the book, while those who might enjoy the humor and satire will find the story a trifle slow after "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." But for the few who love the names of Peleus, Akhilleus, and Neoptolemos, and who have the leisure to read a long, pleasant volume, "Phoinix" will be a delight.

TENTS OF WICKEDNESS. By MELLA RUSSELL MCCALLUM. Century. 1928. $2.50.

These Tents of Wickedness are quite literal ones, circus tents. Into a little Western town, semi-pioneer in character, roll the gay wagons of a traveling circus. A chance crossing of glances between the gay young bareback rider and the son of one of the wealthiest and most religious townsmen strikes the spark that no difference in ideas or ideals can extinguish. The married life of these two, the laughter-loving equestrienne and the puritanically minded young farmer, furnishes the material for this realistic novel of Mella Russell McCallum. The dreary and cruel life of the women in a partly small-town and partly farming community is admirably drawn. The deadly, daily sacrifice that is accepted as woman's lot by both women and men has not been more adequately treated by many authors much better known. The principal characters are less successfully presented than the minor ones who form the sombre background of a sombre picture.

IDLE WOMEN. By DOROTHY BLACK. Lippincott. 1928. $2.

Satan as a producer of occupation for idle hands has always been greatly overrated. There are hundreds of idle women longing for something faintly tinged with the satanic to do, and they simply cannot find it. For them "Idle Women" should come as a grateful vicarious catharsis. For the ladies in Dorothy Black's novel are under the protection of the hoofed-and-horned gentleman who provides so much of the entertainment in life. A British colony in Rangoon gives the author all the gay people and unusual situations she needs. Pretty, idle women wage war against signs of age—and for other women's husbands. The heroine is married twice during the book, but through both marriages, having commenced long before in canteen days, she loves a third man. This all sounds completely frivolous but is not. The characters have reality, and the plot—it would be more accurate to call it the progress—of the story has the tempo of life. It would be foolish to scratch too deeply below the surface of such a novel, but it is very good fun if you would like to know what lots of idle women would like to do.

PALLUDIA. By ANNA ROBESON BURR. Duffield. 1928. $2.50.

There would be a decided economy of space and time in telling what "Palludia" is *not* about, but that is not the function of reviews. Where was ever such extravagance of material? The story starts in New England. One easily, as he thinks, recognizes the type—a realistic novel inclining toward the dark side of life. But that is to reckon without one's host. To New York, England, France, Italy and where not the story leaps, dragging an ever-increasing plot and mystery in its wake. Art, archeology, politics, and international intrigue bestrew its pathway. One Amory Forrest is the hero, and it is his search for Palludia that forms the novel. Suddenly, it seems, in the art markets of the world there has been noticed a growing demand for the paintings of Palludia. No one knows who the mysterious artist is or where he lives. He is known to be wealthy and powerful, and a cult of Palludia is supposed to exist. Amory Forrest becomes convinced that Palludia is his uncle Mark Forrest, and he sets out to find him. His quest leads him from Druid worship to Mussolini worship. All sorts of international secrets are told and many more hinted at. If action for its own sake and pre-arranged mysteries intrigue, then "Palludia" is recommended.

THE BAFFLE BOOK OF CRIMES TO SOLVE. By *Lassiter Wren* and *Randle McKay*. Doubleday, Doran. $1.90 net.

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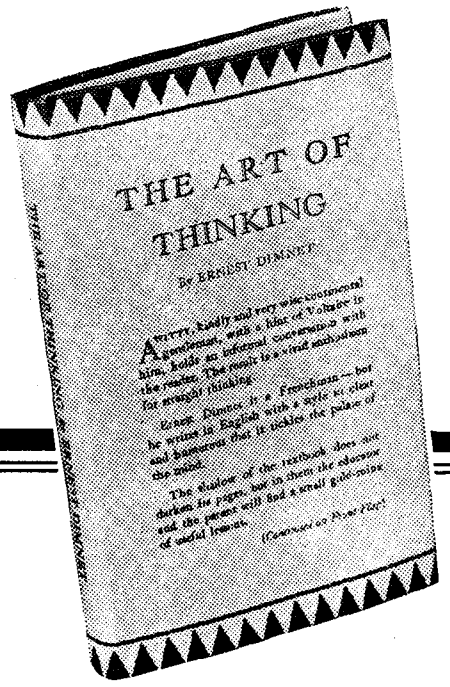

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International

THE PACIFIC, A FORECAST. By P. T. ETHERTON and H. H. TILTMAN. Little, Brown. 1928. $3.

The views on the Chinese situation by a former British Consul General and Judge of the British Supreme Court in China should prove very valuable, but in this case they are distinctly disappointing. A large part of the space is devoted to the history of the Far East during the last century, with special attention to the results of the rise of Japan to a World Power. This is marred, however, by definite anti-Japanese prejudice and by failure to verify statements. Though the volume is dated March, 1928, the authors say that the real power in Japan rests with the "Genro," or Elder Statesmen, which has not been the case for some years, and that the Diet is elected by twenty-five per cent. of the male population, while practically manhood suffrage now exists. If it were true that "Japan maintained her bows and arrows, and her isolation to within a few years before the Chino-Japanese War of 1894," her victories over China and Russia would be incomprehensible. The recently published reports of experts are quite contrary to the idea that "the coal and iron reserves (of China) have been variously estimated, and the figures which exceed that of any other country in the world are probably much underestimated." A study of the rainfall charts and of the natural resources of Australia might alter the opinion of the writers about the suitability of Australia for European, or even Oriental settlement, especially in the "Northern Territory" with "a total area of 523,620 square miles" and "a population of only 3,687, but 1,005 dwellings."

The discussion, however, of the results of possible wars between Japan, China, Russia, and the United States is stimulating, even if we do not agree either with the premises or the conclusions. Recent events in Mongolia and Manchuria make it unlikely that "an alliance between Japan and Russia would certainly be signed within the next five years." The predictions about the future of airplanes certainly show a "constructive imagination."

It is, of course, an axiom that history is shaped not by facts, but by what people think are facts, modified by their prejudices and other emotions, and many of the theories here advanced are held by considerable numbers, especially among the "Old China Hands" of the clubs of the treaty ports in China. Hence, this presentation performs a service, providing it is regarded as an opinion and not as a scholarly historical narrative to be accepted without critical examination.

(*Continued on next page*)

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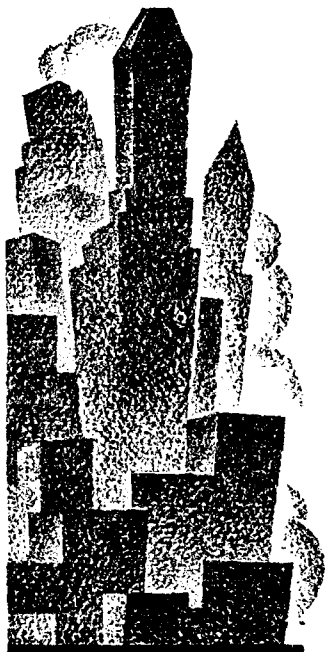

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Poetry

SONNETS. By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. Macmillan. 1928.

Perhaps our most notable modern American poet has here gathered together in one volume a collection of sonnets from his numerous books. They range all the way from the early sonnet on Zola to the comparatively late one entitled "The Sheaves." Robinson's ability to put the pith of a whole novel in his own peculiar type of sonnet that is both a full-length portrait and a narrative is here again illustrated magnificently. But the book as a whole is a threnody, a groping through the dark where lights are few. The courage of subsisting on the bleakest spiritual fare gives this series of sonnets a certain majesty. In them sad wisdom is always implicit. Occasional remarkably fine lines gleam out with a rapier thrust of light. But the general impression is monotone induced by the tragic folly of the general ways of men. This is mellowed by deep feeling checked also by strict reticence. There are lights of humor, deep, quiet humor, as in the sonnet on "New England." There are musings on a blatant age whose future is obscure. There are noble words said in behalf of the friendship of men, words offset by other reveries of disillusionment. Most characteristic of this poet is a liberal sympathy with the unfortunate that endures sagely even in the midst of a searchlight discernment of their frailties. There is gentleness in the dissection of character even when Robinson's favorite "asides" are most dryly worded. Most of the sonnets repay a number of readings, "brimmed with nimbler meanings up than hasty Gideons in their hands may sup," to take a phrase from Francis Thompson. The series contains nothing new for students of Robinson, but they will like having his own special contribution to the writing of the sonnet in English here compacted to its own essence, stringent but cordial.

BIRD RHYMES. By *Bert Dayton.* New York: Palisade Press. 75 cents.

SELECTED POEMS. By *Michael Strange.* Brentanos. $1.50.

THE CANTERBURY TALES OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER. Illustrated by *Russell W. Flint.* Boston: Hale, Cushman & Flint. $10 net.

ECHOES. By *Charlotte Farrington Babcock.* Four Seas. $2.

COME HITHER. By *Walter de la Mare.* Knopf. $6.

POETRY OF THE ORIENT. Edited by *Eunice Tietjens.* Knopf. $5.

THE GREAT ENLIGHTENMENT. By *Lee Wilson Dodd.* Harpers. $2.

SONGS OF A SOUTHERN LAND. By *Eileen Wandin Lloyd.* Four Seas.

A RIME OF THE ROOD AND OTHER POEMS. By *Charles L. O'Donnell.* Longmans, Green. $2.

POEMS OF A SOUTH AFRICAN. By *A. Vine Hall.* Longmans, Green. $4.20.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT. By *John Masefield.* Macmillan. $2.

(*Continued on page 419*)

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

M. P. A., Bristol, Vermont, asks for first-hand information about Sir Henry Morgan.

THE best source is in the famous work of Oexmelin, or Esquemeling, "The Buccaneers of America," wherein "are contained more especially the unparalleled exploits of Sir Henry Morgan." This is published in the series of Broadway Translations issued by Dutton. A chapter on Morgan made from this is in J. L. Lewis's "Book of the Rogue" (Liveright). There is a section on Morgan in Francis Russell Hart's "Admirals of the Spanish Main" (Houghton Mifflin). "The Romance of the Spanish Main," by Norman J. Davidson (Lippincott), is a popular treatment of this period, in which Morgan figures.

W. N. W., Philadelphia, Pa., asks if a book called "Hallelujah," mentioned in this department some time in the summer as impending, has yet appeared.

"HALLELUJAH," by Duncan Aikman, has just come from the press of Holt; it is a story of strange sects in America, and of the American will to believe the eccentric. We have been taking a special interest in this greatly rewarding subject of late; a book by Charles Ferguson has just recently had publication by Doubleday, Doran, called, "The Confusion of Tongues"; it includes a review of nineteen chief cults of to-day, a sketch of atheism as a religion, and an analysis of the K.K.K. as a religion of the war-time mind. "The Wars of the Godly," by Reuben Maury (McBride), is a record of religious conflicts in America, from the time of Sir Francis Drake to the present, including the Know-Nothings and the Klan. One might include in such a list M. Werner's brilliant biography, "Brigham Young" (Harcourt, Brace), and with this a valuable new addition to our documentation of this movement, "The March of the Mormon Battalion," by Frank Alfred Golder (Century). This is the record of the five hundred Mormons opportunely enlisted by the United States to fight in the Mexican War when they were camped at Council Bluffs scarce able to go forward or back; the setting out of the battalion made it possible for Young to lead the others to Salt Lake. This book is based on the diary of Henry Standage, who took part in the difficult expedition, and on other documents of the time.

Several recent novels have value as documents; "Shaken by the Wind," by Ray Strachey (Harcourt, Brace), is based on as nearly first-hand information as a young woman of to-day could get, besides being a well-wrought work of fiction. "The Leatherwood God" is William Dean Howells's contribution from his early memories and experiences (Harper); Bernard de Voto's "The Chariot of Fire" (Macmillan) is the story of a leader of such a cult at about the same time. There is a fashionable contemporary cult in Edith Wharton's "Twilight Sleep" (Appleton) that I have been told is drawn from an actual one, and one scene at least in "Elmer Gantry" might qualify.

C. B., Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., not long out of college, desires to read Shakespeare for pleasure, and asks for a good edition for this purpose, and for a modern edition of "The Compleat Angler."

THE best *one-volume* edition for reading is that published by the Oxford University Press for two dollars and a quarter; the size is crown octavo and the type clear; it has all the plays and a glossary, and so far as I am concerned a glossary is all I can stand in the way of critical interference. In the three-volume edition of the Oxford University Press, which costs five dollars and is also crown octavo, the type is much larger; this is an excellent household edition; it is edited by W. J. Craig. Isaac Walton's "The Compleat Angler," with an introduction by Richard Le Gallienne and many illustrations, is published by Dodd, Mead for three dollars.

F. L. P., Faribault, Minn., gently reproves my choice of the one-volume edition of Tennyson's poems with Hallam Tennyson's notes, published by Macmillan (Globe Edition), saying that the six-volume edition published in this country by Macmillan, edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson, has notes taken largely from the poet's dictation and occupying many pages in each volume, while even better in make-up is the edition in nine volumes by the English house of Macmillan, "surely indispensable to anyone wishing to have the best edition of Tennyson." I should have made it clear that this particular call was for a one-volume edition, but I am glad to call the attention of more exigent readers to these monumental works.

"For my class in Rural Education," says G. E., Bridgeport, Conn., "I am eager to secure a list of fiction in which some description of life in rural schools is given."

THE book that jumps to the mind is of course Edward Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster" (Judd), which has been selling away without other advertisement than its loving friends since before this generation of critics was born. There is "The Hoosier Schoolboy," and who could forget the schoolma'am in "Little Women" who made Amy throw the pickled limes out of the window? And was not the school in "Jo's Boys," if not exactly rural, at least super-suburban? Books about rural schools on the old model often keep alive not only in memory but in demand: "Jolly Good Times in School," by Mary P. Wells Smith (Little, Brown), has been on the market since the author was a young woman, and she is now in her 'eighties; the book has just been given a new dress and appears this autumn in colored crinolines, very pretty. Susan Coolidge's "What Katy Did at School" is another perennial bloomer, and there was, as admirers of Jacob Abbott will remember, a work called "Rollo at School."

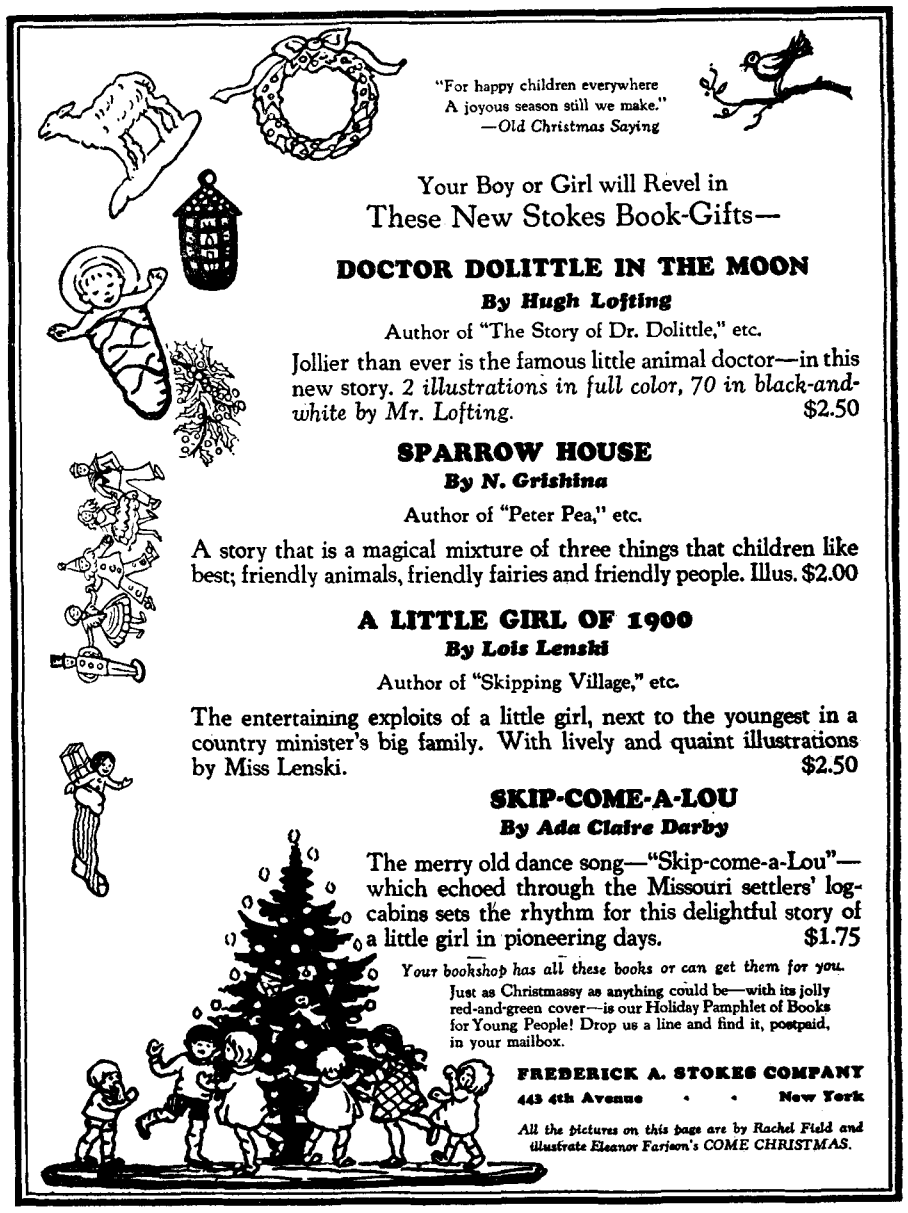
The most robust and meaty bit of school-history in our fiction, next to the famous spelling-school scene in Eggleston's classic, is "The Turn-Out," in Augustus Baldwin Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes"—a collection of sketches invaluable to the student of our social beginnings. It describes the custom —which obtained as late as the period of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster"—of barring out the master until he granted the boys the Christmas or Easter holidays he was quite willing to allow, if it might be thus proved to the tax-payers that he was not being paid for voluntary idleness. In Caroline Kirkland's "A New Home—Who'll Follow?," a spirited account, only slightly fictionized, of pioneer life in Michigan in the 'forties, a procession of schoolteachers come to "board around," and a grotesque lot they are.

But when in such an inquiry one reaches the stories of to-day, the rural school seldom appears. I cannot remember if "Understood Betsy," in Dorothy Canfield's admirable story of Vermont, goes to school in this book, and my copy of it is now in that State; I hope this uncertainty may make readers turn to its pages to see for themselves. In "The Treasure of the Land," by Garrard Harris (Harper), a rural school teacher helps in the rejuvenation of a run-down community by establishing corn and canning clubs among the boys and girls, and there is a school in Herbert Quick's "The Fairview Idea" (Bobbs-Merrill). Small-town high schools appear in several books for girls, but I cannot recall any other stories with a background of genuine country-school life. Perhaps some reader can.

L. A. B., Columbus, Indiana, asks where to find a description of the Louvre, with enough of its history to discover why it is so named and if it was really "built around a king's hunting-box."

IN "The Louvre," a history and guide-book of the structure, both as palace and as art-gallery, by Mary Knight Potter (St. Botolph's Society, Boston), the origin of the name is given as uncertain; there is even, we are told, no positive means of discovering whether it was originally a hunting-box or a fortress. If the name is derived, as generally believed, from *lupus lupera*, it may be because it was—as there is good reason to suppose—Dagobert's hunting-lodge early in the seventh century, in the middle of a forest where wolves abounded. But Sanval says that an old Latin-Saxon glossary translates *castellum* as *leouar*, from which Louvre could easily be formed. Others claim that the word was not used until Philippe-Auguste, when, having built what was undoubtedly the most beautiful and important work in Paris, it was natural that he should call it "l'œuvre," or "the" work.

There is an historical sketch of the Louvre in the Blue Guide "Paris" (Macmillan), and one in the Paris Baedeker (Scribner).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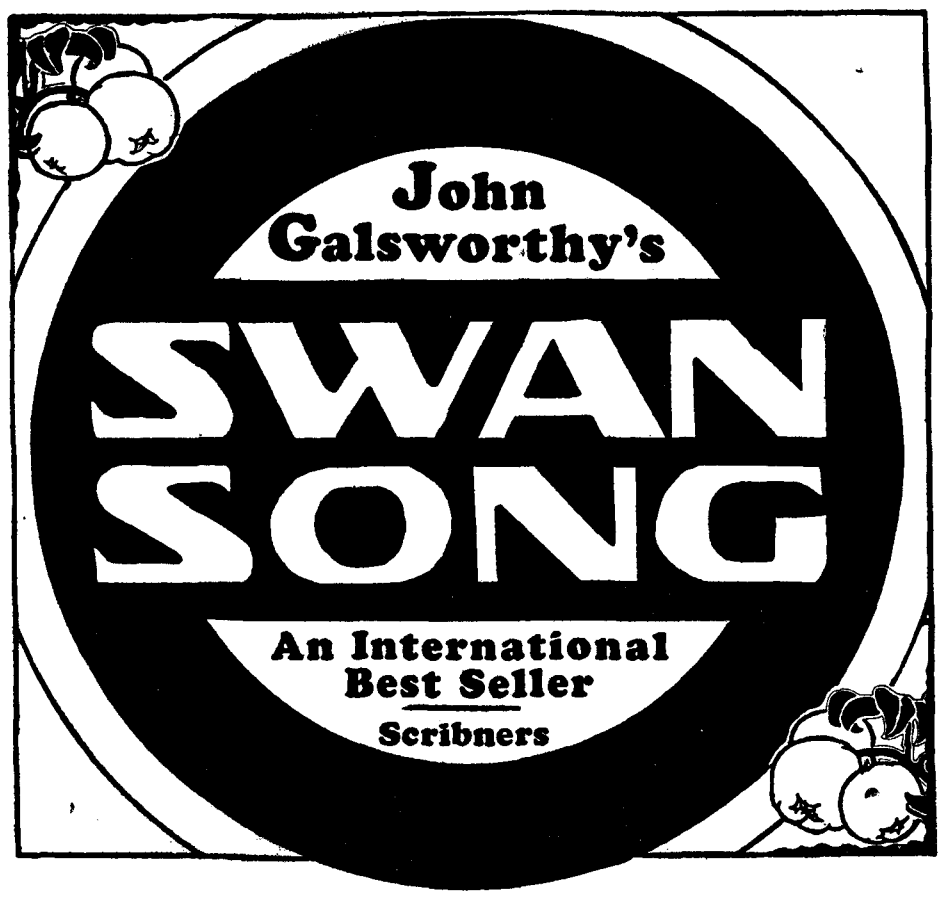

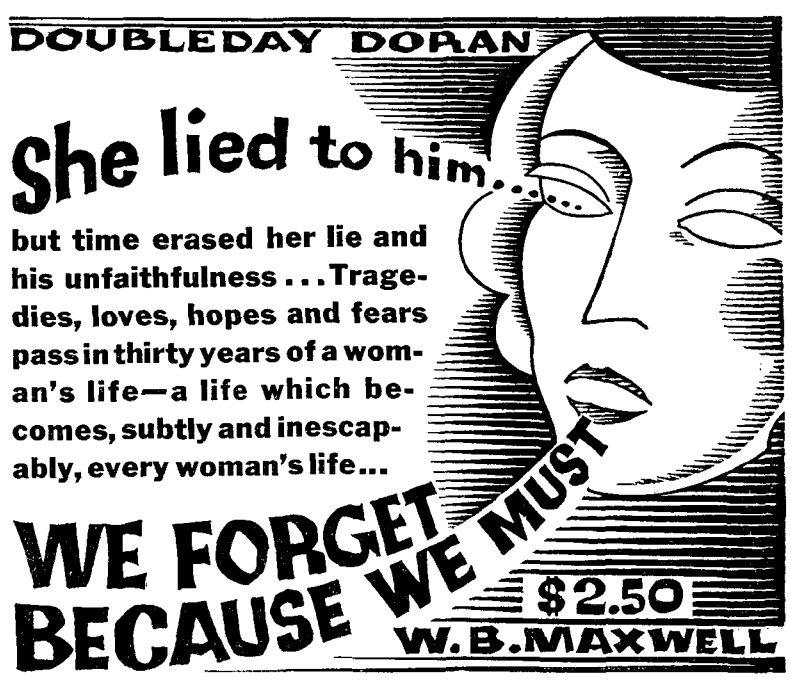
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That Booth Tarkington never reads clippings about himself?

That Eugene O'Neill, as a student, was kicked out of Princeton?

That the prosperous paint manufacturer who disappeared suddenly some years ago was Sherwood Anderson?

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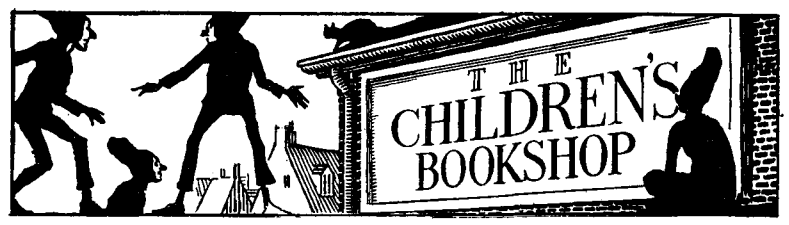


Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

GEOGRAPHY FOR CHILDREN

By LUCY SPRAGUE MITCHELL

IN the field of geography as in so many fields, grown-ups are struggling "to mend their ways" in their manner of writing for children. Of course the old-fashioned geographies still live and propagate and help many a small boy and girl to "bound the United States" or to tell "where the Mississippi River rises." But many teachers are restlessly looking for books and methods which will bring geographic facts into the classroom in a more vital form.

What do these seeking teachers find in the way of books? First, they find the group which aims to entertain. Perhaps the most extreme example of this sugar-coating type are those books of magic by Mary Graham Bonner, in which the fairy world is frantically called upon to help intrigue the children and make them swallow nutritious facts. This kind of writing is not new. We have always had writers for children who identify the nutritious with the unappetizing! Fortunately the modern child does not seem to like them any better than does the modern teacher.

Another and larger body of geographic books is outwardly markedly different from the fairy-tale type, but, from the point of view of pedagogy, also belongs in the entertainment group. These books deal largely with tales of children in different countries. The type is large; the sentences are short; the illustrations are plentiful, usually highly colored. They are for the most part written by "authorities" and sponsored by big publishers of text-books. At Rand & McNally's the other day a member of the editorial staff told me with pride in her voice that their new "First Geography" had no maps at all. Now this kind of geography seems to me to be essentially a story book and to be successful in so far as it is a good story book. The art of story-writing is unfortunately a special and a difficult one, and one which an authority on geography does not necessarily achieve. We do not expect a geographer to be automatically a novelist. Why do we then think he can write for children? As a mother, I welcome to my children's book shelf, and as a teacher I welcome to the classroom, stories and pictures of faraway peoples and countries which qualify as literature and as art. We have some such, though more often than not they have not been recognized as geography even by the writers and artists themselves. I should freely admit Kipling's "White Seal" and Masefield's "Cargoes" into my geography. But when it comes to writing for children, I have some reservations about the literary gifts of even eminent college professors. The situation seems to call for collaboration.

When the seeking teachers turn to geographies which look more like text-books, what do they find at present? They find several honest attempts to muster geographic facts along the lines of children's interest and to present them in relation to the world that children know from first-hand observation. Such, for example, are the text-books of Barrows and Parker, of Knowlton, and to a lesser extent of Elizabeth W. Duval. These books are full of suggestions to teachers which aim to tempt them to use the world around them as geographic material. It is encouraging to know that this type of text-book is making its way in the schools.

But even these so-called radical text-books have taken only a first halting step in the direction of making the world in which children live a geographic laboratory and in supplying the children with tools by which they can investigate this world. I do not think we need to abandon all idea of maps even for very young children. Instead I think we need to provide them with experiences in which maps will be their own natural expression. We need first to show them the world around them, both the natural physical set-up and the use people have made of it whatever it may be, city, suburb, farm, or factory. We need to help them orient themselves in their world and to see the geographic relationship in the things around them. Then, if we give them material which they themselves can handle in their own way, whether it is blocks or putty or crayons and paper, they will relive their experiences in play form and, like as not, create their own play maps. And when they reach the age when their interests and their experiences with the immediate equip them to handle faraway worlds, can we not let them continue as investigators and creators? Need we drop back to text-books which give them only fabricated products, worked and reworked into impersonal generalities and maps which merely demonstrate what some one else has found out? Can we not still furnish them with some service materials and with some maps which they can use as tools for first-hand study of geographic relationships? This seems to me the program for geographers for children. I know of none which requires more factual information, more creative inspiration, or more insight into the way a child's mind works. Also I know of none more alluring or worth while.

Reviews

THE BOYS' LIFE OF FRÉMONT. By FLORA WARREN SEYMOUR. New York: The Century Co. 1928. $2.

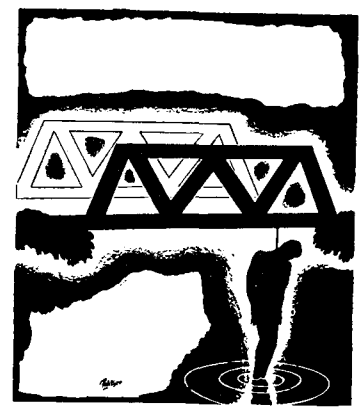
ALEXANDER HAMILTON. By HOWARD HICKS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. $1.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IT is surprising that Frémont's career, which has even more to interest the average boy than Boone's, or Crockett's, or Buffalo Bill's, should have been so much neglected by writers for juveniles. Mrs. Seymour has filled the gap in an admirable manner. A thorough student of Western exploration, an expert on Indian history (she is a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners), and personally familiar with much of the ground which Frémont covered, she has written a book which leaves nothing to be desired in accuracy or fullness. It is a story which boys ought to follow with unflagging interest. The adventures of Frémont and Kit Carson are among the most picturesque in our Western annals. How he crossed the Sierras in midwinter, how he was almost overwhelmed in the Rockies, how he braved Indian perils, how he traversed desert and plain, how he rushed into California at the moment when it was hanging between Mexican and American domination, and helped determine its fate—all this is spiritedly retold. Mrs. Warren naturally passes rapidly over the later phases of Frémont's tempestuous career—his campaign for the Presidency in 1856, his Civil War command, and his business disasters. They have little to appeal to boys or youths. But his exciting and glamorous western experiences are told with vigor and sympathy, and with a full preservation of their extraordinary color and gallantry.

Mr. Hicks also has a gallant figure with whom to deal. The sobriety of his book is its most interesting feature. Hamilton the impetuous young student-patriot, and Hamilton the soldier, are not overemphasized. Instead, full space—as much as if the author were writing for older readers—is given to Hamilton's share in making the Constitution, his work as Secretary of the Treasury, and his labors as attorney and party leader. One of the most interesting chapters is that on Hamilton's home and family, which draws a detailed and attractive picture of his life at "The Grange," surrounded by his children and friends. The book can be cordially commended to the more serious type of youngster, who will appreciate a well-rounded and accurate history, simply and interestingly told, of one of America's greatest builders. It is illustrated by drawings and photographs, while Mrs. Seymour's volume contains a good portrait and three excellent photographs of western scenes.

"Bambi: A Life in the Woods" (by Felix Salten. Trans. from the German by Whittaker Chambers. Foreword by John Galsworthy. Simon & Schuster. 1928. $2.50) has been reviewed in our columns for adult books, months since. This is merely a reminder to parents not to let their older children, in the confusion of the season's juveniles, miss its poignant narrative. It is truly a book for almost all ages.



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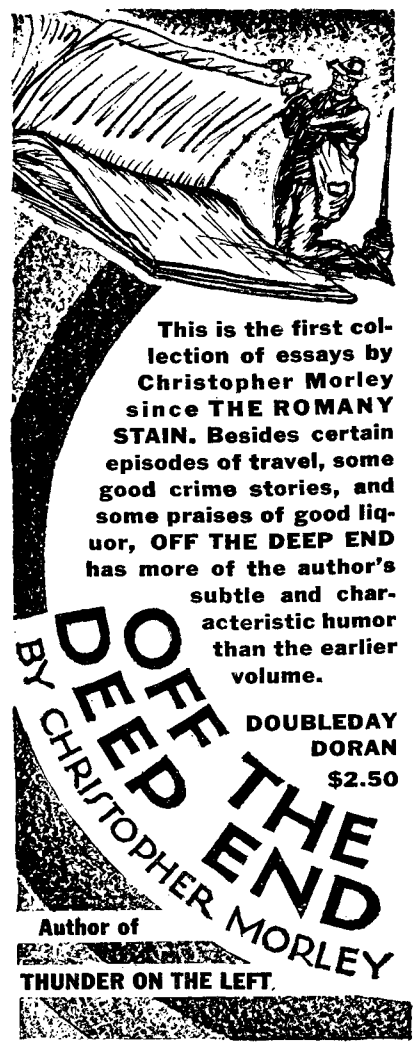

This is the first collection of essays by Christopher Morley since THE ROMANY STAIN. Besides certain episodes of travel, some good crime stories, and some praises of good liquor, OFF THE DEEP END has more of the author's subtle and characteristic humor than the earlier volume.

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Reviews

(*Continued from preceding page*)

MENAGERIE. By MARY BRITTON MILLER. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $1.75.

JANE, BE GOOD! By ISAIAH C. HOWES. The same.

ALL ABOUT ME. By JOHN DRINKWATER. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. 1928. $2.

COME CHRISTMAS. By ELEANOR FARJEON. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1928. $1.75.

BREAD AN' JAM. By WYMOND GARTHWAITE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

OF these four profusely illustrated flat books for children of varying ages, the most artistic in format and illustration seems to us easily to be "Menagerie" written by Mary Britton Miller and modestly illustrated by Helen Sewell. We say modestly, because Miss Sewell's name appears only on the jacket of the book and that in a most inconspicuous place. Book-jackets are easily detached from their volumes, and who then is to know to whom to attribute the beautiful work in black and white that plays quite as large a part in the charm of this volume as Miss Miller's verses? It does not seem to us quite fair. The verses are somewhat loosely wrought, often they seem to us to have been written directly *for* the pictures, but, on the other hand, they frequently, from a truly childlike point of view, give the distinct character of the different animals. The nonsensical section is refreshing, in that it will appeal to the child who turns, with gusto, to its own view of the ferocious and creepy; and the jingles really express a child's quite wholly self-centered thoughts and desires. This is the actual child without any tutti-frutti moralizing. The animal verse protraits are careless in technique, but, as we have said, they often go directly to the whole point about the particular animal.

"Jane, Be Good!" is composed of rhymed stories, amateurishly illustrated, sent by an actual grandfather to an actual granddaughter years ago. He must have been a lovely grandfather to have, and we don't wonder that these funny rhymes and pictures were eternally treasured by Jane. The pictures are almost the type of thing a child itself would draw. The stories are exciting, especially when the grandfather was turned into a monkey—exciting, we mean, to quite small people. The book may well have a wide popularity among them. To us, one of the elders, it just misses being anything more than a rather amusing human document.

John Drinkwater, with the pictorial aid of H. M. Brock, the veteran English illustrator, seems, in "All Aboue Me," to be in direct competition with the priceless joint stock-company of Milne and Shepard. To us the Drinkwater-Brock combination is not in the same class, though both text and illustrations have their charms. Both author and illustrator are, after all, accomplished craftsmen, one of verse the other of drawing. But this book, for all that, belongs in a lesser category.

Rachel Field has delightfully decorated in line and color, particularly in color, Eleanor Farjeon's verse, which is often poetry, on specific aspects of the general theme of Christmas. True appreciation of Miss Farjeon's work will come from children a bit older than those who enjoy—for instance—"Jane, Be Good!" The section of carols catches the simplicity of spirit and the "Merrie England" phraseology that properly belongs to such staves. We think Miss Farjeon at her best in the refurbishing of ancientry.

"Bread an' Jam" consists of brevities, presenting admirably the observations and speculations of the child of today, the eternal small child. The author is his own illustrator, and an excellent one. Kathleen Norris supplies an appreciative foreword to the book, which is well done. Mr. Garthwaite's small opus should excellently lend itself to reading aloud to those who never think of themselves as "cute," but who will feel themselves akin to the small fry speaking from it. They will have to be small fry—or fairly old fry—to render it thorough appreciation. There are ages in between that scorn such simple rhymes. Here, however, is a taste of the naturalness of the method:

The strangest things I've ever seen
Are shadow figures on a screen.
They haven't legs or hands or feet;
In fact, they're not at all complete.
They really aren't alive, you know;
You sort of just imagine so.

S.O.S. By JOHN D. WHITING. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1928. $2.

JUNIOR STARK, POUNDMAN. By LINWOOD L. RIGHTER. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

LOLA THE BEAR. By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT. New York: Duffield & Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

"S.O.S." presents Hugh Canfield, a sensitive, confiding boy of twenty, an artist by temperament, the son of a militaristic clergyman, at the outbreak of the War. His problems are those of a myriad fine Americans, his solutions enviable. One undergoes many phases of the war at sea with Hugh, and having devoured the thrills, reads back, pondering his innate decency, realizing the painter's beauty of the descriptions, the epigrams, the skill, and humor of the characterizations.

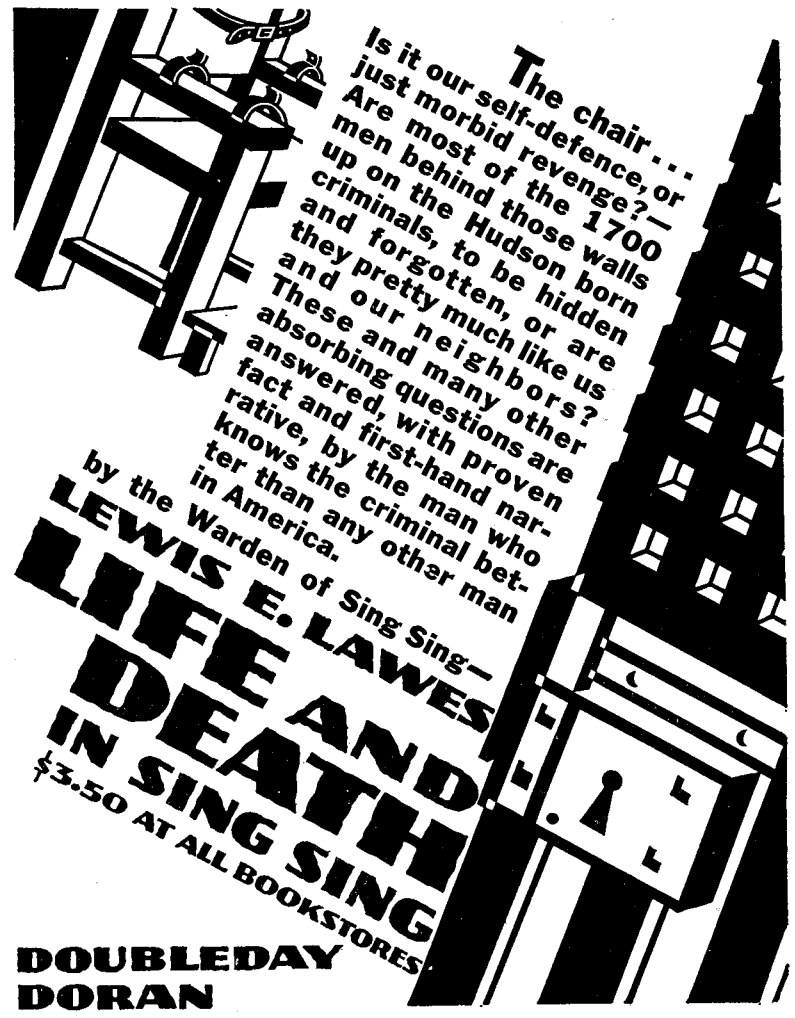
"S.O.S." is the rescue of adventure from mediocrity through those book-saving devices—significance and style. No better written nor more courageous book addressed "for young people" has come my way in years. Major Brand is a tonic to our fat age, Hugh's father a warning, Brigham Young—the Major's darkey with the "pompestuous" vocabulary—a delight. Hugh is that rare bird, the true patrician. Mr. Whiting has illustrated his own book with vigorous well-lighted paintings. I hope "S.O.S." is read by a million boys this year; no one could help being the better man for it.

"Junior Starke, Poundman" is an unusual book, written by a doctor out of his love and enthusiasm for the men of the fish pounds of the New Jersey Coast, and describing their perils with a vivid and particular accuracy. The resuscitation of the half drowned man is told so dramatically as to constitute a lesson while remaining good reading. Good-humor floods these pages, yet the darker realities are not shirked, as in the stingaree scene, where the sensitive reader must cringe from the pain that Knut bears. Junior undergoes a lot for one summer, but is not overwhelmingly the hero and is modest enough to say at the end, "Gee, I wish I was like *that* guy," that guy being Ole, the mysterious gentleman in a slicker. This book is a skilful mixture of story, fact, and human nature, and if some fresh kid ever said that any page of it was tedious I would make Ole's reply—"Dat is yust where you are wrong, Yunior. You t'ink it a yoke I give you?"

I hope that the ill-advised title of "Lola the Bear" will not cause readers who are no longer stirred by bears to lose a real pleasure. For Lola is an Indian and only nicknamed the Bear, and the story is a gem of human insight written with the regard for the commonplace of life and character which make stories true. The plot is for boys: Mark Boswell seeks his father, lost in the woods, and runs into counterfeiters. But the maturest skill has gone into the making of the characters. Sheriff Hardy is created in a page. The Widow Johnquest in her store, "a last humble effort of commerce at the edge of the wilderness," comes to life in a very few words. Lola is an amusing Yankeefied Indian, probably drawn from life by the late author. The nature touches *are* nature. Lola's humor and the Sheriff's humor demonstrate, in contrast to the boy's seriousness, what life does to men who take it naturally, and their philosophy lives after them. "Lola the Bear" is really a long short story, exquisitely told.

SUGGESTION

With the profusion of anthologies that adorn the shelves of bookshops nowadays the making of an individual scrapbook of poetry may seem a work of supererorgation. Yet there is much entertainment to be derived from a book of verse compiled from clippings from magazines.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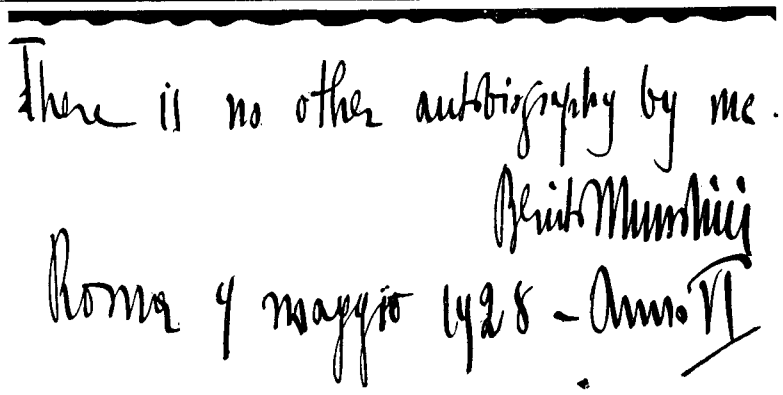

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Sweet Chile

TAD: Hank in a bad fix.
VOICE: Is? Wha' ail him?
TAD: Him an' he wife, Sweet Chile, been back in de swamp pickin' berries, an' dey was comin' out through one er dem ole road in de night. Sweet Chile seen sump'n layin' 'cross de road an' say:
"Look er dere, Hank. Wha' is dat?"
An' Hank is dis kind er nigger: he always want er show off when he wid a ooman, it ain' make no diff'ence ef de ooman ain' nothin' but he own wife. He say:
"Ain' nothin'."
An' he haul off an' kick it. He think it was a rotten log, but dat log was a 'gator an' grab Hank by he foot an' th'owed him down, an' den de fun start. Hank have sense 'nough to reach in he pocket an' hand he wife he knife; an' she rode dat 'gator like he was a saddle horse, poppin' dat knife into him 'round he neck an' eye an' joogin' him under he arm an' callin' to de Lord. She tell de Lord don't luh dat 'gator bite Hank no wey else. She say ef he ain' loss nothin' but dat one foot, she reckon she kin make out wid it. An' when she finish wid dat 'gator, he was glad to turn Hank loose but it were too late for him; an' ef Hank ain' have a fightin' ooman, it would er been too late for Hank. An' Hank was sho' bit up bad, but . . .

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A HISTORY OF PRINTING, Its Development through Five Hundred Years. By JOHN CLYDE OSWALD. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1928.

MASTER MAKERS OF THE BOOK. By WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2.50.

THE publication of these two popular presentations of the history of printing, preceded a few months ago by another of the same general sort, prompts an inquiry into the reasons and methods of writing about printing. Frankly, they disturb the thoughtful reader, not, unfortunately, by their contents, but by their method of treatment, and their failure to fit into any reasonable scheme of things. I have my doubts about this whole business of writing printing history.

In the first place, let us look at the opportunity for writing about the craft. There are, it seems to me, two ways in which the problem may be approached, two very clearly defined groups for which such books may be written.

The first necessity is for accurate presentation of the technical history of the art and practice of printing. DeVinne did this fifty years ago in his "Invention of Printing," and did it so well that while some further information has been gleaned about the beginnings of the printing press in Europe, his book remains readable and on the whole accurate even to-day. And his method was scholarly, clear, and deliberate. Mr. Updike performed, in "Printing Types," another thoroughly creditable piece of work, full of precise knowledge, and flavored in just the right proportion with wit and taste. In these three works one may see the scientific, technical method of writing of printing. They appeal with especial interest to the thoughtful practising printer, to the bibliographer, the book expert, and in a more limited way to the reader of wide interests and intellectual capacity.

But the average reader, howsoever intelligent he may be, could read with profit a general history of printing which gave him a general idea of what it all means in the history of letters and of life. Such a history of printing would need to be written in a generous way. It would have to show an ever changing background of political and social history. Take for instance that "dispersal" of the printers following on the sack of Mainz. Here political history had apparently an overpowering influence on printing; but the histories of printing leave the average reader in the dark as to what caused the sack, whether it was symptomatic of medieval Germany, questions which would form a rich and colorful background to the performances of the Infant Prodigy lately born in Mainz. Or take the troubles of the English printers in the seventeenth century. Political turmoil was of the order of the day; printing was vitally affected, but to read the histories of printing one gets but a smudgy idea of what the Star Chamber meant and did.

Yet it is the place of printing within the body politic and the development of industry which makes the history of the art a live and vivid chronicle for the layman. This layman, this average reader, is as much confused by meaningless dates and names and scholarly verbiage as he is intrigued and rattled by the still more meaningless recital of names and sizes of type in some present-day pseudo-learned colophon. What he needs is a historically accurate presentation of the history of printing *fitted into its place in the scheme of things* and not as a detached phenomenon. Such a history will be hard to write. It will be based on complete understanding of the myriad details of the story—the innumerable printers, the infinite variety in type faces, the changes in methods from hand made paper and hand cast type to the Fourdrinier machine and the linotype, the abandonment of the hand press for the perfection revolving press. But it will be such intimate knowledge fused and made into a coherent story of the progress of western civilization during the past five hundred years.

Such a history has not yet appeared. What we have in these two volumes before us, and what we have had *in similar form* before, is really little better than the bare bones of printing history, confusing to the non-technical reader because he cannot understand the why and the wherefor of it all. This is not to say that Mr. Orcutt's book and Mr. Oswald's are not readable, because they are. They are not scholarly, and they are not, I fancy, intended to be. And there is the pity of it. The canvas waits for the broad, illuminating picture, and we finish these volumes lamenting that the real presentation of the very important position of printing as a factor in human progress remains to be written. R.

AUCTION SALES CALENDAR

American Art Association

November 26-28. The Private Library of the late J. Barton Townsend.

The chief interest of the sale lies in the following: Ambrose Bierce's "Nuggets and Dust Panned out in California," by "Dod Grile," London (1873); "The Fiend's Delight," London (1873); "Cobwebs from an Empty Skull," London, 1874; "Black Beetles in Amber," San Francisco, 1892, in the original printed wrappers; several of the works illustrated by Aubrey Beardsley, including a complete set of the original issues of *The Yellow Book;* a great many of the volumes published by the Bibliophile Society of Boston; Sir Richard Burton, who seems to be appearing with increasing frequency in auctions; George Gissing; George Moore's limited, signed editions; and Oscar Wilde. The Lefferts copy of Crashaw's "Steps to the Temple," London, 1646; the first issue with the separate title to "The Delights of the Muses," is unusually conspicuous in the midst of such a collection of Standard Authors in specially limited sets.

⁂ ⁂

It should be of prime interest to collectors of contemporary authors to learn that an American edition of Mr. H. S. Boutell's "First Editions of To-day," with both its English and American notes, will be brought out in this country some time in January by J. B. Lippincott of Philadelphia. The price will be $1.00.

⁂ ⁂

Mr. Gabriel Wells has now in his possession an Album Book of 252 pages, quarto, bound in vellum, formerly the property of Augusta Leigh, with her signature on the front end-paper. The Album itself consists of poems with such engaging titles as "Stanzas written at the side of Byron's Remains," "To Greece on the Death of Lord Byron," "To a Lady with a Present of some Pens." The entire book is believed to be in the autograph of Augusta. Another Byron of great importance at Mr. Wells's is a copy of "Hebrew Melodies," London, 1815, the earliest issue of the first edition without the printed titles to Byron's collected works at the end. The presentation inscription reads, "To Mrs. Baker With Lord and Lady Byron's affectionate regards —May 23, 1815" in Lady Byron's handwriting. Unfortunately, in rebinding the margins have been slightly trimmed. This book has the George Baker and John L. Clawson bookplates.

G. B. T.

IN connection with an exhibition of the works of Goldsmith, to be held in the Yale University Library in celebration of the poet's bicentenary, there has been issued from the Bibliographical Press "in High Street," New Haven, a limited edition of a catalogue of the books. The work has been done by one of the Yale Library staff, who has set the type and printed on the hand press seventy-five copies on hand-made paper with blue paper cover. If the small quarto pamphlet lacks the impeccable finish which we are too apt to accept in lieu of imagination and experimentation, it more than makes up for such lack by its inherent interest as a piece of handwork. R.

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Hard-boiled marine . . . but unrepentant admirer of an idyllic tale from the Vienna Woods

When *The Inner Sanctum* arranged for the publication of *Bambi, A Life in the Woods*, it secretly expected dire reviews from the shock troops of American criticism.

Specifically, your correspondent predicted a withering salvo of shrapnel and barbed-wire invectives from such critics as LAURENCE STALLINGS, ex-captain of Marines, author of *The Big Parade*, and co-author of *What Price Glory* . . . the last person one would expect to relish a woodland idyll of willowy fawns and antlered stags, where fluttering leaves and leaping deer carry on the story.

Imagine, then, the gratification with which *The Inner Sanctum* read the announcement that LAURENCE STALLINGS, in selecting ten books of the Autumn season for a desert isle, named *Bambi* first —with *Trader Horn, Volume Two* hard by.

Thus spake Stallings:

Not since Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book *has a man of letters made animals speak the human language with such natural grace and charm. The book transcends any mere study of a forest animal and becomes an enlargement of life itself. I, for one, should carry off* Bambi *first of all.*

Another boyhood ambition of *The Inner Sanctum* has at last been realized—the yearning to publish a book that the most erudite critics would hail, with resounding hosannahs, as the standard, super-heterodyne, ne plus ultra, five-star-final, *definitive* work on a subject both gay and grand. This has at last been done in *The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan*, or *The Compleat Savoyard* by ISAAC GOLDBERG, which such rollicking gondoliers and pirates as ERNEST BOYD, BENJAMIN DE CASSERES, WINTHROP AMES, DE WOLF HOPPER, and GEORGE JEAN NATHAN all say is indisputably "it" in the magic realm of topsy turvydom set to music.

NEWS! According to the Baker and Taylor Company, impartial custodians of the best-seller lists, and America's largest wholesalers of books, the fastest selling title in the field of general literature last week was—*surprise!—Cross Word Puzzle Book, Series Eleven*, by BURANELLI-PETHERBRIDGE and HARTSWICK. Only one fiction work, *Old Pybus*, sold better.

Sotto voce (a la WALTER WINCHELL): Gossip along Giggle Water Gulch has Florenz Ziegfeld carrying the torch for a hot little wench to take title part in his forthcoming production of J. P. McEvoy's high-stepping saga of Mazda Lane, *Show Girl*. . . Rumor assigning Clara Bow to the role discredited. . . Every Broadway femme except Maria Jeritza and Marie Dressler has been angling for this chance to make whoopee in a great big way. . .

Perfumed* copies of *The Inner Sanctum's* latest publication, *The Technique of the Love Affair* enable heart-hungry females to find the book blindfolded when they come into the book store clamoring for one of the six best smellers.

*by Corday

—ESSANDESS

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THE PHOENIX NEST

AN unusual book of poetry, beautifully put forth by Payson & Clarke, is "Lute and Scimitar, being Poems and Ballads of Central Asia translated out of the Afghan, the Persian, the Turkoman, the Tarantchi, the Bokharan, the Balochi, and the Tartar tongues, together with an Introduction and Historical and Philological Annotations," by *Achmed Abdullah*. It bears a preface by *Hervey Allen* and an introduction by the translator. The poems are full of color and fire, of primitive love and war. The format of the book is extremely attractive. . . . .

Mary Lawton has given us a fascinating story of a famous Austrian singer in "Schumann-Heink: The Last of the Titans." *Schumann-Heink's* Golden Jubilee occurred last year. . . .

Permit us to acquaint you with the new address of Ladd's Old Book Store, familiar to book-lovers who wander over to Brooklyn. The new store is at 265 Flatbush Avenue, near St. Marks Avenue, one block from the I. R. T. at Bergen Street, two blocks from the B. M. T. at 7th Avenue, five blocks from the Long Island Railroad Station. In it are fifty thousand books, carefully classified, easily accessible, priced plainly. The telephone is Nevins 6920. . . .

We congratulate Mme. *Sigrid Undset* upon her receipt of the Nobel Prize for Literature for 1928. She is the third Norwegian author to receive this honor. The monetary value of the prize this year is $42,060. Mme. Undset has been particularly successful in interpreting the mind of the middle ages. . . .

Edwin Valentine Mitchell announces the opening of his new bookshop in the lobby of the Steiger Building at the corner of Pratt and Trumbull Streets, Hartford, Connecticut. Business will be carried on as usual at the old bookshop at 27 Lewis Street also. Lending libraries will be operated at both places. . . .

The story of the terrible sinking of the coast-wise steamer *Vestris*, as told by the passenger *William W. Davies*, in the New York *World* for November 15th, has seemed to us one of the best eye-witness accounts and also one of the most graphic pieces of reporting we have ever seen in a newspaper. . . .

A volume of poems that *Thomas Hardy* had prepared for publication just before his death, "Winter Words in Various Moods and Metres," has been chosen by the Book League of America as its December book. It was published by the Macmillan Company on the twentieth of November. . . .

"Gods of the Lightning" has now gone off the boards. It seems to us extraordinary that such is the fact. It is one of the most remarkable plays of the last few years, with splendid acting by a splendid cast. It had a fine press. But we are led to the conclusion that such a drama founded upon a bitter reality unpalatable to the comfortable and smug has but little chance against the average claptrap of the stage. We hope that *Hamilton MacFadden*, the producer, may take the play on the road. We feel ourselves fortunate indeed to have been able to witness it with the original cast. . . .

Lena Burnstein, formerly of Macy's Book Department and *Ruth Commins*, formerly of the Provincetown Playhouse, have opened a bookshop, "Folio," at 128½ East Fifty-fourth Street (Phone Regent 10,409). They have an excellent stock of modern first limited and autographed editions difficult to secure in larger bookshops. They have contributed to the recent Theatrical Show at Stern Brothers. They deal also in esoteric literature and bibliographical items, while running a circulating library and selling popular fiction and children's books. . . .

Francis Brett Young and his wife are now upon their second visit to America. This time Mr. Brett Young will not lecture. He was recently awarded the most important literary prize in England, the James Tait Black Memorial Award. He was, as you probably know, a physician before he became a writer. During the World War he was a major in the medical corps of the British army and served in East Africa and Egypt. . . .

Harlem, a forum of negro life, is a new independent monthly magazine, the initial issue of which appeared during the first week of November. Such writers as *Walter White, Alain Locke* and *Langston Hughes* were contributors to that issue. The magazine is edited by *Wallace Thurman*, author of "The Blacker the Berry," a novel of Negro life published this winter by Macaulay. *Aaron Douglas* is to be art editor, a particularly good choice. We wish this new periodical all success. It will be published by the H. K. Parker Publishing Company at 2376 Seventh Avenue. . . .

Dorothy Thompson (*Mrs. Sinclair Lewis*) who has recently charged *Theodore Dreiser* with plagiarism, in regard to their respective books on Russia, will deliver a series of lectures under the management of William Feakins on conditions in Europe. Meanwhile her husband, presumably on their new farm in Vermont, is putting the finishing touches to his latest novel. . . .

Ernest Hemingway was recently seen at an impromptu gathering in New York, where among others were assembled *Dorothy Parker, Marc Connelly, Donald Ogden Stewart*, and *Phil Barry*. Hemingway was then on his way to Wilmington to finish a new novel. . . .

Adios!

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—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*

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Prophets in Their Own Country

No. 1—RICARDA HUCH

Ricarda Huch is Germany's greatest woman novelist. Ludwig Lewisohn in a detailed analysis of her work says: "Ricarda Huch has a prose style of virile firmness and of the highest intellectual distinction. . . . That style of hers is almost lapidary in its severity. It is so highly wrought and so finely tempered that it need not avoid the homeliest details, if it needs them, but raises them into its atmosphere of frugal beauty." *Defeat,* Ricarda Huch's great novel of Garibaldi, has just been published. It is a BORZOI BOOK and may be obtained at all bookshops, price $3.00.

The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from page* 412)

A WOMAN AT DUSK. By *Arthur Stringer.* Bobbs-Merrill.

SPECIMENS OF MISSISSIPPI FOLKLORE. By *Arthur Palmer Hudson.* Ann Arbor, Mich.: Edwards.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR CHILDREN OF DARKNESS. By *Gladys Oaks.* McBride. $1.50.

SPIRES AND SPEARS. By *Walter Hendricks.* Chicago: Packard. $2.

A BOOK OF NONSENSE. By *Edward Lear.* Dutton. $1.50.

MR. POPE AND OTHER POEMS. By *Allen Tate.* Minton, Balch. $2.

DANTE'S INFERNO. Translated by *Albert R. Bandini.* Peoples Publishing Co., 40 Columbus Avenue, San Francisco.

AMERICAN NEGRO FOLK-SONGS. By *Newman I. White.* Harvard University Press. $5.

FLIGHT AND OTHER POEMS. By *F. Gardner Clough.*

TIME IMPORTUNED. By *Sylvia Warner.* Viking. $2.

HEART UNBROKEN. By undergraduates of Milliken University.

FIFTY ROMANCE LYRIC POEMS. By *Richard Aldington.* Gaige. $10.

FOOL'S ERRAND. By *Alexander Laing.* Doubleday, Doran. $1.75 net.

VAGABOND'S HOUSE. By *Don Blanding.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE LONG LEASH. By *Jessica Nelson North.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

Travel

DESERTS IDLE. By MICHAEL H. MASON. Appleton. 1928. $5.

To travel up the Nile to its source, thence into byways and mysterious recesses in the very heart of Masai and the wild Tanganyika, is, when one is young, to enjoy stirring adventures and hair-breadth escapes. The traveller who survives could have accumulated sufficient material for a thousand pages of narrative did he wish to string it out. But the good judgment and skilful art of Mr. Mason have saved him from making such a mistake. He has spared his readers all tedious, trivial incidents and given them stuff that contains meat and drink for the curious mind. This traveller's tale is clear, concise, and replete with memorable events and people. Certain little stories stay in one's mind for they are cunningly presented with touches of delicious humor. That of "Percy the Perisher," the wretched old Ford car that finally fell to pieces after a series of extraordinary adventures, is such stuff as some enterprising moving picture corporation should seize upon for an amusing comedy.

In the intervals between hair-breadth escapes from every imaginable animal foe the traveller amused himself with reading—Shakespeare and Thackeray. Each day was filled with such sensations that ordinary fiction palled. Mr. Mason is gifted with great insight into human nature, as well as with a sense of humor and extraordinary bravery. This book is an exceedingly entertaining account of travels into the great "Idle Deserts."

NIGHTS ABROAD. By KONRAD BERCOVICI. Century. 1928. $4.

Merely to glance at the list of towns of which Mr. Bercovici writes—Damascus, Amsterdam, Athens, Madrid and so forth—is to taste again a faint flavor of their presence. But when one reads his book, when one discovers that he can recreate the atmosphere of places not alone by descriptive passages but by chance street conversations, then memory is really aroused and names become sentient things.

Mr. Bercovici is the true traveller in that he is not content to be the mere observer, but wishes to be absorbed into the scene. As he says himself, "I have wanted to be a Frenchman in France, and an American in America; a Venetian when in Venice, and a Greek in Athens." Many of us have had the same ideal, for thus is personality revealed and thus are secrets made plain, but few persons possess an imaginative sympathy that is anything like as strong as their national angle. The average traveller criticizes more often than he accepts and the enjoyment he derives from foreign countries is almost invariably tinged with a feeling of superiority.

But Mr. Bercovici is of a rarer order. He seems to melt, as it were, into the pageant of strange cities and to be at home wherever he goes. His pages reveal these national reactions and thus, though his book is not a great book—despite great passages—it is a curiously intimate book. Yes, intimate and charming. It is the kind of book a traveller should carry with him, this guide to the heart of cities where facts are of no importance and imponderable vitality is everything.

THE MAGIC LAND OF THE MAYA. By W. LAVALLIN PUXLEY. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $4.

Mr. Puxley seems to be an amiable Englishman who likes to go to places he hasn't seen before and speak about them as if he were the first to discover them. Thus, for the better part of his book, he keeps talking about "Central America," regardless of the fact that he is describing the country usually known as "Mexico." After all, Mexico and Central America are, geographically, part of the same isthmus, between the two broader continents. "It looks 'central' to me!" Mr. Puxley might say, so why not?

Most of the book is written in this very personal, wide-eyed style. There is nothing much about the Mayas or their remains, certainly nothing new, but one must have a title, so again, why not? Notwithstanding this prevailing ingenuousness, Mr. Puxley contrives to see a good deal that is interesting, first and last. From his remarks on bugs, fish, and so on, one would surmise that he is by way of being an amateur ornithologist.

After some vague wanderings in Mexico, the author did finally go on down to Central America, although it is a bit difficult to follow his itinerary. He liked what he saw and the natives he met, and he collected some rather interesting photographs. He dislikes to think of these little pastoral republics being "spoiled" one day, as it seems pretty inevitable they more or less will be by the spread of industrialism. And he dislikes the notion of interfering forcibly in their affairs—"after all, everyone likes to conduct their own affairs and rule their lives according to their own tastes, and if we do not share these tastes, at any rate we can understand and sympathize with them. Super-imposed tastes will never make any person or any nation happy or contented . . . . I have wandered much about the world, and I have found by experience that if people are treated with ordinary kindness and sympathy their goodness of heart, of which so much is to be found in human nature, comes readily to the surface. 'Gently comes the world to those who are of gentle mould.' is a sound enough remark, and these Latin Americans, with their admixture of Indian blood in many cases, respond immediately to proper treatment."

SLAVES OF THE SUN. By *Ferdinand Ossendowski.* Dutton. $3.75.

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE. By *W. E. Walsh.* Four Seas. $2.

DESERTS IDLE. By *Michael H. Mason.* Appleton.

AN AVIATOR IN VISHNU LAND. By *Stanley Warburton.* Scribners. $3.

WHEN IT'S COCKTAIL TIME IN CUBA. By *Basil Woon.* Liveright. $2.50.

THE NEARING NORTH. By *Lewis R. Freeman.* Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

SWITZERLAND. By *Arnold Lunn.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

THE FLAVOR OF HOLLAND. By *Adèle de Leeuw.* Century. $4.

BENEATH TROPIC SEAS. By *William Beebe.* Putnam. $3.50.

THE COAST OF PLEASURE. By *Grant Richards.* Harpers. $4.

THE SOUL OF THE EAST. By *Marcus Ehrenpreis.* Viking.

SEEING EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND. By *E. M. Newman.* Funk & Wagnalls. $5 net.

IN THE ISLES OF KING SALOMON. By *A. I. Hopkins.* Lippincott.

War

THE INTIMATE PAPERS OF COLONEL HOUSE. Edited by *Charles Seymour.* Vols. III and IV. Houghton Mifflin. $10 the set.

ABOVE THE BRIGHT BLUE SKY. By *Elliott White Springs.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

WITHOUT CENSOR. By *Thomas M. Johnson.* Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

Prophets in Their Own Country

No. 2—OSKAR MARIA GRAF

Oskar Maria Graf was born in 1894, the son of a Bavarian baker. After working as elevator boy, miller, baker, and post-office assistant, he fought in the great war and was involved in the Eisner revolution of 1918. He became known for his stories of village life and in 1927 his frank autobiography, *Prisoners All,* brought him fame. Thomas Mann said of it: "For a long time I have not been so completely captured, astounded, and overwhelmed by any book as by this personal record." *Prisoners All* is published by Alfred A. Knopf. Price $4.00

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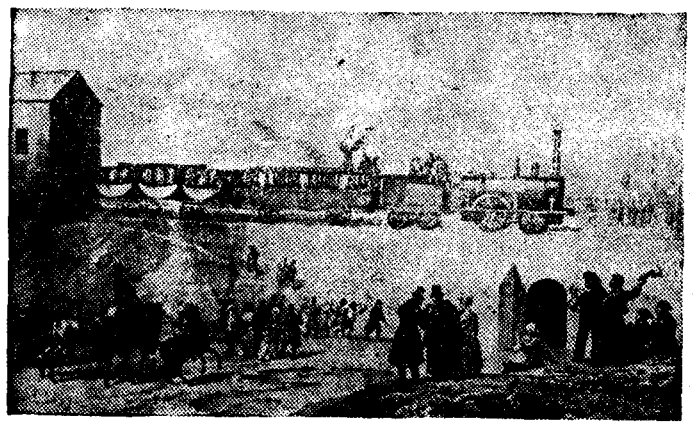
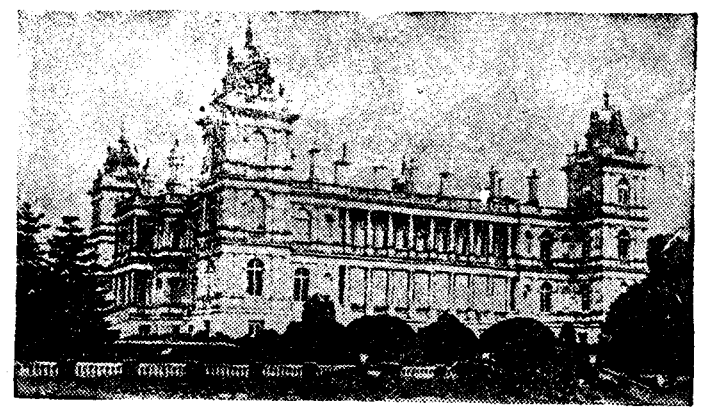


First Trial Trip of Steam-Cars in Austria

"Experts" had "proved" that the human respiratory system could not stand a speed of fifteen miles an hour. Travellers would spurt blood from nose, mouth and ears, and would suffocate going through tunnels. Even spectators might go mad from trains passing at the terrific speed of eighteen miles an hour on the proposed Rothschild railways.

Nathan

Remember Nathan? He was the *smartest* of the five Rothschild boys. He went to London to seek his fortune and before long he nearly had a first mortgage on the Thames.



Chateau At Ferrieres-En-Brie

When the Prussians were at the gates of Paris in 1870, King William, Bismarck and Moltke quartered in the Rothschild Chateau at Ferrieres. When the King entered the magnificent apartments, he exclaimed, "Folk like us can't rise to this; only a Rothschild can achieve it."

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Here the House of Rothschild uses its billions to dominate world politics.

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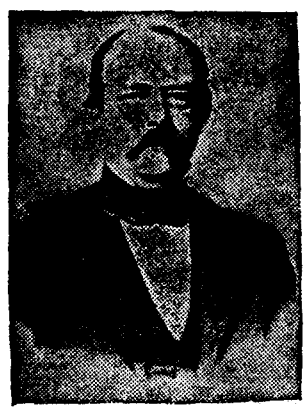
Count Corti presents this astounding record of wealth and power with the documentary evidence which assures authentic history and makes "The Reign of the House of Rothschild" as outstanding a contribution as its predecessor.

"Splendid," says Emil Ludwig

Emil Ludwig says: *"The Rise of the House of Rothschild* gave the story of how the Rothschilds wooed the gold and won it. This splendid *second volume* shows the long, brilliant and happy marriage of the gold and the Rothschilds, and excitingly pictures the race between great politics, greater intelligence and greatest money."

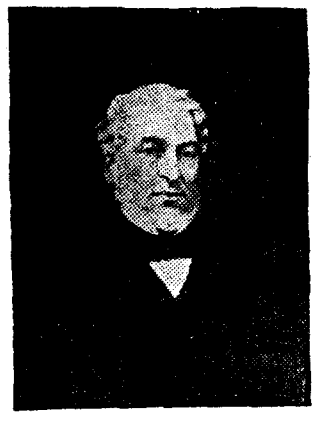


Otto Von Bismarck-Schonhausen

Invited for dinner by Amschel Rothschild, so far ahead he could not refuse, Bismarck replied he would come if he were still alive.

Emperor Napoleon III

"I have not got the Bourse behind me, but France is on my side." Napoleon III backed the wrong horse: the Credit Mobilier instead of the Rothschilds.



Baron Lionel De Rothschild

Put up £4,000,000 to buy the Suez Canal from Egypt for his pal, Disraeli, who turned it over to Queen Victoria.

Napoleon Visiting James

When James Rothschild died, European monarchs sent their aides to the funeral and even the President of the United States telegraphed condolences.

Count Camillo Cavour

Freed Italy of financial domination by the Rothschilds, employing, as his confidential representative abroad, Count Luigi Corti, great-uncle of the author.

Louis Adolphe Thiers

Made the conqueror Bismarck wait enraged while he sent for puny Alfons Rothschild to pass upon the matter of five billion francs indemnity.

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